THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

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FADE IN:

1 HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION PHOTOS

From a 1973 yearbook. Cheerful young faces. Their whole lives ahead of them. *

2 FLASH TO -- CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHS. Body parts. Mangled forms. Impressionistic. Horrific. Real. *

NARRATOR (V.O.)
On August 20, 1973, investigators were dispatched to a remote farm in Travis County, Texas. *

3 FLASH TO -- newspaper headlines: "HOUSE OF HORRORS STUNS NATION -- MASSACRE IN TEXAS"... "CHAINSAW BUTCHER KILLS 33".

4 FLASH TO -- a JOURNALIST stands on a road as cars pass by.

JOURNALIST (V.O.) *
Police recovered the remains of at least 33 murder victims at the * home of Thomas Brown Hewitt, a former head-skinner at a local slaughterhouse.

Time coded blurbs, images and documents provide more clues to our story. Grainy Polaroid images from 1973. VINTAGE FOOTAGE of 10 FBI AGENTS securing a crime scene.

A4 FLASH TO -- CUTTING EDGE FORENSIC LAB. A fluorescent light flickers on **illuminating a body specimen.**

5 FLASH TO -- documentary footage of proper slaughterhouse methods and procedures.

6 **FLASH TO -- 5 FBI AGENTS inspecting a CREEK. Police tape is seen in the b.g. A body lies facedown in the water.** *

A6/FF FLASH TO -- TYPEWRITER KEYS SPELL OUT A NAME: H E W I T T. A6

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In the thirty years since the crimes were first discovered, Hewitt has also become known by another name...

B6 FLASH TO -- QUICK CUTS OF VINTAGE FOOTAGE OF FBI AGENTS PULLING A BODY FROM THE CREEK.

7 OMIT

AUDITION

Blue revisions

8/FF FLASH TO -- a documentary interview of someone who sits completely in shadow. We never see this person's face. The footage is pixilated and abstracted. THE VOICE HAS BEEN DIGITALLY ALTERED to conceal identity and gender. The Subject sits quietly by a window. 8/F

SUPER: THE ONLY KNOWN SURVIVOR.

The Survivor, older male, obese, with pixilated face, sits catatonic, having not uttered a word ever since the incident.

9 FLASH TO -- an AUTOPSY - morticians inspect a bullet-riddled corpse still wearing a LEATHERY MASK. They look at each other in surprise:

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
They had a dead body with a mask, and that was all they cared about. That was the end of their story. Do you remember anything?

A9/FF **NO RESPONSE from The Survivor.** A9/F

10/FF FLASH TO -- DOCUMENTARY INTERVIEW of Cook County Supervisor FRANKLIN NASH, late 50s, suit and tie; the interview takes place in his cluttered office. 10/F

FRANKLIN NASH
Of course the case was closed. Anybody who tells you that we got the wrong man is mistaken. I was the senior officer. I can assure you that absolutely everything was handled completely by the book.

11/FF FLASH TO -- The Survivor fidgeting as the interview continues. Insert of the Survivor's hand reaching for a candy box. The fingers are CHEWED UP, carefully selecting a chocolate. A wrapper falls to the floor. 11/F

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
You haven't said a word since;
(The Survivor munches on chocolates)
Since that day...
(then)
Can you try to remember...

Again, no response. The Survivor just sits there. Silent. A beat, then Papers rustle O.S.

A11/FF **INT. ASYLUM - PRESENT DAY** A11/

The Interviewer now sits with Erin 2003, 50s.

ERIN 2003
After the police interviewed me about what happened, one officer admitted that things were mishandled from the beginning.

A beat.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.) *
Can you tell me what happened July 3rd, 1973?

Erin just shakes her head.

12/FF **FLASH TO -- HALL OF RECORDS -- A CLERK slams a dusty 16mm FILM CANISTER onto a table.** 12/

CLERK
I don't think this film's seen the light of day for thirty years.

CUT TO:

13 **16MM POLICE FOOTAGE -- Outside the gloomy entrance to a farmhouse.**

We hear a sync pop. DETECTIVE TOM ADAMS, 30s, steps into frame.

CAMERAMAN (OS)
Okay, we're rolling.

DETECTIVE TOM ADAMS (OS)
This is August 20, 1973. Time is 3:47 pm. Location is the Hewitt property on Route 17, the residence where Victim 1 was found. I will now begin the walk-through...

CAMERA descends a concrete stairway. Dark. Cminous footsteps. Black and atmospheric.

DETECTIVE TOM ADAMS (OS) (CONT'D) *
We are descending stairs to the furnace room. I see scratch marks on both walls.

Angle Film

On the western wall there is a brown stain with what appears to be a clot of hair. And an embedded fingernail.

CAMERA moves toward a concrete tunnel...down into the furnace room. A FLICKERY CEILING LIGHT is ON. We see only intermittent glimpses of madness. Bodies. Meathooks. A soiled butcher block. A blood-stained TUB in the corner. SOMETHING HANGS above it behind a PLASTIC SHOWER CURTAIN.

DETECTIVE TOM ADAMS (OS) (CONT'D) *
(as camera approaches tub)
There's something hanging behind a shower curtain, southwest corner...

An arm REACHES INTO SHOT, pulls the curtain back... The STROBE LIGHT GOES OUT. The Cameraman YELPS.

DETECTIVE TOM ADAMS (OS) (CONT'D) *
Something just happened...

DIMLY LIT by NIGHTLIGHT. A sickening THUD. Hysterical CRIES.

DETECTIVE TOM ADAMS (OS) (CONT'D) *
What was that?! WHAT WAS THAT?!

The CAMERA PANS FRANTICALLY in the DIM LIGHT.

DETECTIVE TOM ADAMS (OS) (CONT'D) *
OH MY GOD -

--and suddenly the SOUND CUTS OUT. We catch a glimpse of a busted NAGRA on the floor. And we see DET. ADAMS on the ground. Stunned. BLEEDING.

Then - SOMEONE in a SHOP APRON - a LEATHERY MASK - attacking CAMERA one-armed with an AXE -

FREEZE FRAME.

14/FF FLASH TO -- ROGER CHURCH, 50s, retired Police Officer. 14/ *
Bloodshot eyes, **leans against police car.**

ROGER CHURCH
Yeah, we botched the case. Anybody with half a brain knew the crime scene wasn't sealed properly.

15/FF FLASH TO -- FRANKLIN NASH, unfazed. 15/

FRANKLIN NASH
I lost two guys down there...

16 FLASH TO -- PHOTOS of a POLICE FUNERAL, POLICE TOMBSTONES, and OFFICERS lined up in FULL DRESS.

FRANKLIN NASH (VO) (CONT'D)
But we tracked the killer down...

17 **FLASH -- PHOTO -- a MAN slumped to the side of the steering wheel, blood everywhere - his face has been *obliterated*.**

18/FF FLASH -- TO FRANKLIN NASH, folding his hands over his desk. 18

FRANKLIN NASH (CONT'D)
...and while attempting to escape, Mr. Hewitt took a shotgun blast to the face. And that day, the State of Texas won.

A18/FF FLASH TO -- CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of "Leatherface." He was shot in the head, sitting in an armchair. A18

19 FLASH TO -- newspaper headlines: "*MADMAN GUNNED DOWN BY POLICE*" ... "*TEXAS HOUSE OF HORRORS COMES TO END*".

20/FF FLASH TO -- The Survivor's interview continues in shadow. We still CANNOT see the person's face. 20

NARRATOR (O.S.)
Were you shown these police photographs?

A20/FF FLASH TO -- BLURRY STILL POLICE IMAGES of Leatherface. Pull back to reveal the Survivor, still shrouded in darkness, looking at them. A20

NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is the only known footage of the man known as "Leatherface".

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
That's him, isn't it? The real one, I mean.

The photographs are put down. The Survivor remains silent.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There is new evidence. Evidence that suggests that he was never found...

NARRATOR (O.S.)
The killings stopped, and the media frenzy died down.

The police were only too happy to close this bizarre case forever.

21/FF **FLASH TO -- ROGER CHURCH, taking a swig of bourbon as the interview continues.** 21/FF *

ROGER CHURCH
(chuckling to himself)
You know what I did? I snuck out some of the autopsy pictures and showed them to that survivor.
(directly to camera)
I guess I shouldn't say that on your thingy, huh?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In 1981, the state of Texas levelled the house, and filled the basement with cement.

22/FF INT. ASYLUM - PRESENT DAY 22/FF

Erin 2003 looks at the Interviewer.

ERIN 2003
Yeah, I saw the autopsy photos... I guess he was trying to make me feel like it was all over. Closure.
(beat)
But it wasn't *him*. I know he's still out there. I never sleep through the night.
(leaning in...)
I remember it all. It was terrible... A terribly hot day... *

A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM RISES UP... *

23 OMIT 23 OMI

24 OMIT 24 OMI

25 EXT. RURAL TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY 2

The guttural ROAR comes not from a chainsaw, but the engine of a turbo-charged van cruising along a deserted highway through the sweltering plains of Texas. Smoke and Lynyrd Skynard pours out of the open windows.

SUPERIMPOSE: AUGUST 18, 1973

A half-beat and Morgan comes swinging into frame on a tire, belting out a Tarzan scream.

THREE GUYS and TWO GIRLS, all 20s or younger, are laughing, and splashing into the water.

VARIOUS ANGLES

Frolicking in the water as music plays: A cannonball; more splashing; Morgan sits in an inner tube; lots of silly banter and laughing; a picture perfect road trip moment; a loving moment between Erin and Kemper. A perfect teenage fantasy bubble.

They sit by the pond, under a canopy of branches - we HEAR a vicious, brutal HOWL, like that of a CHAINSAW...

DISSOLVE TO:

25 EXT. RURAL TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY 2

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SUPERIMPOSE: AUGUST 18, 1973

The van is a custom Ford. Primer-gray. Chopped. Raked front end. A pair of fat racing slicks in back. For the uninitiated, it's a bad ass ride.

26 INT. VAN 2

ERIN, 20, naturally attractive, does her toenails on the dashboard. If there was a Miss Texas Tomboy she'd be it. She sings along to "Sweet Home Alabama".

ERIN
(with a dreadful voice)
"Big wheels keep on turning..."

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Can somebody please make her stop.

ERIN
(not intimidated)
"Carry me home to see my kin..."

The driver, KEMPER, also 20, is a classic gear-head. Oily clothes. Perspired long hair. Brooding eyes. Scraggly goatee. He watches his rearview mirror, preoccupied with something in back.

ANOTHER ANGLE - REAR OF VAN

The interior is lined with burgundy velvet upholstery. Reeks of sex. It should. It's "The Love Van."

Two young lovers are eating each other alive on a black sofa in back. Andy, early 20s, a hulking corn-fed buck with wavy wheat-colored hair, grinds into PEPPER, barely 18. A poster girl for the "Free Love" generation.

PEPPER
Can you believe we didn't even know each other yesterday?

ANDY
Just amazing.
([ALTERNATE])
Oh so amazing.

Andy pulls her lips to his.

MORGAN, 19, a gangly, freckle-faced youth and Che Guevara t-shirt, sits on a beanbag chair nearby. He's rolling a joint.

MORGAN
Know what's even more amazing?

Pepper peels her lips from Andy's. She looks toward Morgan, breathless, perky, and ever-inquisitive.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
The fact that every day 33,000 *Americans are infected with an STD* or sexually transmitted disease--
(then, smiling wryly)
-- and two-thirds of them are just about your age.

[Editor's note: Additional coverage to underscore the STD joke; i.e. Pepper clearly backing away from Andy, and Andy clearly giving Morgan the finger.]

This cools Pepper off. Morgan's intent. Andy knows it. He flips Morgan off behind Pepper's back.

27 EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON 27

The van tears along the lonely landscape. If you have to drive through Texas, these are good wheels to do it in.

28 INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER 28

Pepper is now out of Andy's lap, sitting beside him on the sofa. She's straightening herself out.

Andy tries to restart her engine after Morgan caused it to stall. Pepper is blowing soap bubbles now.

ANDY
You're so damn beautiful...

PEPPER
What are the odds of you guys passing through El Paso just as I started to hitch?
([ADDITIONAL LINE]) *
I mean, it's like, it's like synchronicity. It's like LSD. It's like this shit just doesn't happen. *

ANDY *
Hey, Kemper. Can't you do something about the A/C *back here*? *I'm dying.* *

KEMPER
If you or Pepper get too hot, just take your clothes off.

Kemper grins mischievously. Erin is not amused. Andy gives Kemper a noogie. *

[Editor's note: A rearview mirror shot of Kemper's POV, showing Pepper and Andy making out. Also, a new angle of Pepper and Andy for the entire scene to help the flow, covering the back half of the van. First, in a 3-shot of Morgan, Pepper and Andy, then, from the same angle, in a 2-shot on Pepper and Andy. By reshooting the back part of the van, we could vastly improve our sound problems, which are compounded by the wind, and lines that were off mike.] *

ERIN
You are such a perv.

With her foot, she re-adjusts the rearview mirror back to it's original position. Andy pops bubbles. Morgan is irritated by them.

ERIN (CONT'D) *
(over her shoulder)
Don't listen to him Pepper.

PEPPER
Why, I think he's funny.

KEMPER
(to Erin)
***See*, she thinks I'm funny.**

ERIN
(to Kemper)
She's only known you for nineteen hours.
(to Pepper)
I've lived with him for three years. *And let me tell you something*, he's not funny.

KEMPER
Tell me how much you love me?

ERIN
That much.

Erin makes a space between her fingers - indicating how much she loves Kemper.

KEMPER
That much?

ERIN
(making a bigger space between her fingers)
That's it.

KEMPER
Give me a kiss.

They kiss.

Morgan takes another toke.

Andy kisses the pinata.

[Editor's note: An additional line from the group in the back while Kemper and Erin are kissing; i.e. "Dude, don't forget to drive!" Or, "Keep your eyes on the road!" We build up to him finally looking back to the road. Also, single coverage of Morgan from the front seat would give us an opportunity to cut around more, and help his performance.]

Morgan sits on a beanbag chair nearby. He sparks up another joint with his Zippo. He's stoned. And staring at a COLORFUL PINATA hanging beside him.

KEMPER AND ERIN

stare vacantly at the vast, lonely landscape ahead. A wiggly hula-girl ornament bobbles on the dash.

Skynyrd still PLAYS on the STEREO. Erin reads the 8-track case of Skynyrd's self-titled debut album.

ERIN
Oh Baby. They gotta play Free Bird.

KEMPER
Oh they have to. I paid a fortune for those tickets.

Suddenly a monstro cloud of pot smoke is projected between them from the back. Erin is perturbed by this.

ERIN
(toward Morgan)
Jerk...

She leans through the open window for some fresh air.

KEMPER
(re: joint)
Hey. How about sending that my way.
([ALTERNATE])
Hey. Let me see that.

Morgan leans INTO SHOT, and into the ganja cloud. He hands Kemper the joint.

MORGAN
Careful, *man*. *That* shit's potent.

KEMPER
I appreciate that. I think I can manage, college boy.

PEPPER (O.S)
(fanning herself with a paper fan, from somewhere in back)
You go to college?

MORGAN
Yeah. Berkeley.

KEMPER
With all the other communists.
([ALTERNATE])
Communist party state screwups...

PEPPER
That *is like so* cool.

Kemper takes a deep toke from the joint. He stifles a cough. Morgan was right. It's potent shit.

KEMPER
Damn--
([ALTERNATE])
Damn. This shit is right on.

MORGAN
Yeah, I tell ya... If Mexico made weed their *GNP or* Gross National Product, they'd be the richest nation on the planet.

Erin continues to lean her head out the window, breathing fresh air. Kemper is puzzled. He offers her the joint.

KEMPER
Erin...?

ERIN
Oh no thank you, I'm nauseous.

MORGAN
(knowingly)
Montezuma's Revenge. *I was like, Erin, don't* drink the water down there.

ERIN
I didn't.

KEMPER
You didn't drink the tequila, either.
([ALTERNATE])
And she didn't drink the tequila. She didn't drink the weed. Smoke the weed.

They laugh.

[Editor's note: shoot a great single of Kemper to intercut with Erin's single starting with the lines "...didn't drink the tequila..."]

ERIN
Well. Maybe I didn't go to Mexico to watch you get shit-faced for four days.

KEMPER
That is what people do when they go to Mexico. What did you expect?

ERIN
(girlish)
A tear drop diamond ring.
([ALTERNATE]) *
I don't know. A tear cut diamond *
ring. That goes right here. *
(showing her finger) *
On my beautiful little finger. *

KEMPER
Here we go **again**...
([ALTERNATE]) *
Baby. You're gonna get your ring *
some day. Erin. Come on. Look *
at me. I promise. *

Erin stares straight ahead. Pouting. He stares at her. Man, she's gorgeous.

~~KEMPER (CONT'D)~~ *
~~One day you'll get your ring,~~
~~Erin. I promise.~~

ERIN *
I heard that one before. *

She doesn't say anything. Again he offers her the joint.

KEMPER *
A peace offering?

Erin finally smiles. She accepts the joint. A truce? Nope. She flings the joint out the window.

KEMPER (CONT'D) *
Hey! Why'd you do that?!
([ALTERNATE]) *
Hey! *

ERIN *
Ooops... *

KEMPER *
That was so not cool. *

PEPPER *
Hey. That was such a waste. *

Erin smiles mischievously.

MORGAN
Dude, don't trip. We got two pounds--
([ALTERNATE])
Relax guys. We got two freakin' pounds.

[Editor's note: Andy may say, "Morgan" as if telling him to shut up.]

Morgan tries to stop himself in time. Too late.

ERIN
(turning off the radio, suspiciously)
What did you say?

KEMPER
Don't listen to him. He doesn't know what he's talking about.

ERIN
What did you say?

The cat's out of the bag. Kemper rolls his eyes. Andy, who has been entirely preoccupied with Pepper till now, looks toward the front, sensing a beef.

MORGAN
(covering up)
I can't remember.
([ALTERNATE])
I can't remember. Okay? I got bad brain cells.

ERIN
Uh. Two pounds of pot? Does that refresh your memory?

KEMPER
Don't listen to him. He's baked and he's stupid.

MORGAN
~~Sorry. Bad brain cells.~~
~~(then sheepishly)~~
~~I'll just be back here if anyone needs me...~~

Morgan retreats to his beanbag chair in back. Erin is now staring daggers at Kemper. He smiles nervously.

KEMPER
~~Morgan's baked. He doesn't know what he's saying.~~

ERIN
Please tell me we didn't go to Mexico to buy pot.

Kemper, like a Boy Scout -

KEMPER
We didn't go to Mexico to buy pot.

Pepper laughs.

She stares at him, searchingly. He becomes defensive.

KEMPER (CONT'D)
(trying to fix the broken battery operated fan)
Baby, I'm not a dope smuggler. *I'm just an ordinary guy on an extraordinary journey with the woman he loves.*

ANDY
(sarcastic)
That is so sweet.

They all laugh.

KEMPER
Shut up. You guys are a bunch of troublemakers.

He flashes his intoxicating smile. She's not impressed.

ERIN
~~Save it.~~

29 EXT. HIGHWAY 2

The turbo-charged van rips along the highway. It ZOOMS PAST A SLAUGHTERHOUSE and the CAMERA LOCKS OFF ON

30 A BOILED COW'S HEAD 3

sticking out of a dumpster. Dead black eyes. Covered with flies. Broiling in the shimmering summer heat.

31 INT. VAN

A wave of stench hits the passengers. Erin GAGS.

PEPPER
(fanning herself aggressively)
Oh my God, what is that *smell*?!

KEMPER
~~(still trying to fix the fan)~~
A slaughterhouse.

ERIN
Oh God. Smells like a dead cat.

MORGAN
(holding up the Ziplock bag full of weed)
Well if we'd fire up another joint, it wouldn't smell so bad.
([ALTERNATE - pseudo Mexican accent)
Well Erin. Perchance it would smell better if I sparked another one of my marijuana cigarettos.

Andy and Pepper watch through the back windows as the SLAUGHTERHOUSE RECEDES in the distance.

PEPPER
(showing her innocence)
How could people work in a place like that? I mean, think of all those poor, sweet cows...

ANDY
To hell with the cows. Try breathing those fumes all day for minimum *fucking* wage.

PEPPER
(looking at Andy)
That's mean.

Pepper scoots away from him. Morgan leans between them.

MORGAN
It takes a minimum wage-special breed to do that kind of work. *I mean,* cutting cows' throats and bashing out brains for a living.

PEPPER
Stop.

KEMPER
Hey Morgan. I gotta question for you.

MORGAN
Please. Go ahead.

KEMPER
Serious question. How are you the expert on the dumbest shit.

ANDY
~~Those dudes get used to it pretty quick.~~

MORGAN
~~No, they don't. Most don't last a year. The others either stay drunk or go insane.~~

KEMPER
~~Morgan's the expert on the stupidest shit.~~

ERIN
How do you know so much about it?

MORGAN
I'm a vegan. *You know...* ~~It's my job to know these things.~~
([ADDITIONAL])
V-E-G-A-N

Pepper's eyes light up.

PEPPER
That is so cool. We have so much in common - I don't eat anything that can smile either.

Erin mocks Pepper.

ANDY
(smiling wryly)
That's really funny. Cause you did last night. Man's gotta eat.

PEPPER
~~That's crude.~~

ANGLE ON KEMPER AND ERIN

Andy's hand enters frame and passes Kemper a joint. Kemper looks at Erin bending forward as she inserts the 8-track box in a case by her feet. He sneaks a toke just as she looks up and busts him.

Kemper quickly returns the joint back to Andy and shows Erin his empty hands.

KEMPER
(smoke still in his lungs)
~~**Look mommy. All gone.**~~
([ALTERNATE])
I love you so much.

ERIN
You're so caught. You ass.

[Editor's note: Kemper may say an additional line here, like, "I won't smoke any more pot until we get to the concert..."]

Erin shakes her head, turns away from him and pouts.

Exhaling, distracted, Kemper doesn't notice

A TEENAGE GIRL

wandering aimlessly on the highway.

ERIN (CONT'D)
LOOK OUT!

The girl steps in front of the van. Kemper cuts the wheel. The GIRL GOES BY IN A BLUR as the van BUMPS and SKIDS on the shoulder of the highway.

The pinata flies, hitting the beanbag, and splits open.

Kemper fights the wheel, jamming BOTH FEET on the brakes. He finally regains control, and brings the van to a dusty stop.

KEMPER
~~What the hell?~~

PEPPER
You almost hit her!

ANDY
~~What the hell is she doin' walking in the middle of the road?~~

The Teenage girl never turns back as everyone gathers at the rear window.

MORGAN
Oh, wow, I'm way too stoned for this.

ERIN
Kemper, Let's...find a hospital.

KEMPER
Give me even the vaguest idea where we can find one, and we'll go there.

TEENAGE GIRL
(a faint whisper)
...They're all dead....

PEPPER
Who?

TEENAGE GIRL
All the people. They're all dead.

This hits the others like a ton of bricks. Morgan finds this amusing.

ERIN
(gently)
We're people. And we're not dead.

MORGAN
(to Kemper)
Didn't your mother ever tell you not to pick up hitch-hikers? *

The girl sees a passing road sign, which reads: **"DRIVE SLOW,* SEE OUR TOWN, DRIVE FAST, SEE OUR SHERIFF."** *

TEENAGE GIRL
NOOO!!! YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!!

She charges to the front of the van, fighting Kemper for control of the wheel.

KEMPER
Holy shit! Get her off!

TEENAGE GIRL
...PEOPLE ARE OUT THERE, THEY'RE WATCHING, THEY'RE STILL WATCHING ...CAN'T...MAKE ME GO!

Andy pulls her off Kemper, and forces her back to the sofa.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)
I WANNA GO HOME NOW! I WON'T GO BACK!

ANDY
Back where?

She curls up and starts to cry.

TEENAGE GIRL
(weak and shaking)
He's a bad man. A very bad man.

MORGAN
(mouthing it, nodding)
Fucked up...

She suddenly sits up and hikes up her sundress, pulling a REVOLVER from under her sundress--

TEENAGE GIRL
YOU'RE ALL GONNA DIE!

She quickly puts the gun in her mouth. Everything seems to SLOW DOWN as she pulls the trigger - her EYES WIDEN, her CHEEKS FLAP in SLOW MOTION.

ERIN'S POV OF FRIENDS (SLOW-MOTION)

Each face is a horror mask. Twisted. Anguished. And screaming SOUNDLESSLY. Kemper SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

THE WIGGLY HULA GIRL ORNAMENT (SLOW-MOTION)

On the dashboard gets speckled with blood as the Teenage Girl pulls the trigger. BAM!

WE PULL BACK in a <u>single flowing shot</u> from the hula girl rebounding back towards camera, past our screaming kids, pulling back THROUGH THE BULLET HOLE in the Teenage Girl's mouth. WE CONTINUE through her dark cranium; out her exit wound; ramping past the opening in the heavily cracked window. WE PULL OUT and away for a wide sweeping shot of the van now parked under a big tree.

A34 INT. VAN

Suddenly, the SHOT COMES BACK UP TO SPEED. Along with Pepper's overwhelming SCREAM.

THE DISFIGURED CORPSE

Now slouched on the sofa, legs horribly askew, a **357 Snubnose** on her bloody lap.

Pepper tries to go out the side door, but can't get it open. She POUNDS on the door.

PEPPER
LET ME OUT!

Andy opens the door. She immediately rushes out.

35 EXT. VAN - DAY

Erin opens the door, finally losing her battle with nausea. She barfs on the ground.

Kemper gets out, going to Erin, trying to hold her.

KEMPER
You okay?

ERIN
(pushing him away)
No! I'm not okay!

Morgan's outstretched arms are dripping with blood.

MORGAN
Christ! I could've been killed!

KEMPER
We all could have, Morgan.

ANDY
Did that...really just happen?

KEMPER
I've never seen someone die before.

Morgan, still dazed -

MORGAN
Most people never do.

KEMPER
Is that supposed to make us feel better?

MORGAN
Why did we have to stop?

ERIN
She needed help!

MORGAN
A lot of good we did her!

Archive Form

Erin walks over to calm down Pepper, who's still hyperventilating. Heat SHIMMERS off the scorched earth.

PEPPER
I can't...believe she did that... Why us? Why did she have to pick us?

She hugs Pepper, who starts to bawl.

36 **EXT. VAN - DAY** * 3

Kemper steps out of the van and chucks a *fifth of Jack* from the van and uses a shop rag to wipe the blood from his skin.

Kemper, Morgan, and Andy just stare at the van in chilling silence. Just hearing their breaths in the Texas breeze.

MORGAN
What are we gonna do?

KEMPER
I don't know. Call the cops, I guess.

MORGAN
On the list of bad ideas, I'd put that way up there...
(officiously)
...So, officers, as you inspect the crime scene that is now our van, please ignore the colorful pinata filled with marijuana you may happen to come across. It played no part whatsoever in the demise of this unfortunate young lady.

KEMPER
Keep your goddam voice down.

He glances to Erin, who stands in the distance with Pepper. The SUN beats down harshly. The day has only grown HOTTER. They're all soaked with sweat.

ANDY
Cat's out of the bag, man. She knows what we picked up in Mexico.

DOWN THE ROAD COMES the only car in the last 20 minutes. Everyone freezes not knowing if they should flag down help or just let it go. The car slows and from the cars POV is the the FIVE BLOODIED YOUTHS looking back at the car. It continues on.

ANDY KOHN

KEMPER
--Nothing wrong with this picture. Huh?

MORGAN
We've gotta stash the **weed** **somewhere** until this bullshit is over.

Kemper goes to the van and pulls out the pinata with pot. He stashes the pot amongst the weeds.

PEPPER
Can't we just wait for a highway patrolman or something?

No help in sight. Kemper heads back to the Erin. He pulls her aside for a private moment.

KEMPER
Baby, I'm sorry.
(re: pinata)
I did that for *us*.

ERIN
You think I'd want to be a part of *that*?

KEMPER
(beat)
I'm sorry.

Kemper leans in, kisses her cheek. Her angry expression is unwavering. Pepper comes up behind them, interrupting the moment.

PEPPER
Well, I'll tell you this much. There is no possible way *I'm ever* getting back in that van.

SMASH CUT:

37 INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

They are all pale and huddled in the front of the van, spellbound by the lifeless body. Pepper sprays perfume to battle the stench. Kemper drives. NO ONE SAYS A WORD.

The back of the van looks like a macabre art exhibit. A disfigured corpse perfectly propped against a black leather sofa. The cracked back window painted with blood.

Blood soaks through a pair of shop towels that are draped across the cavity that was once a face.

Andy appears least bothered by the awful scene.

ANDY
(staring)
So that's what brains look like. Sort of like lasagna, kind of?

The others turn to him in disgust. Andy shrugs.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Sorry...
(pause)
Kemper, your interior is really fucked.

Kemper just stares at him.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I'll shut up.

38 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

As the van continues on, the landscape has changed.

39 INT. VAN

The awe and disgust have subsided. Shock has now set in.

KEMPER
I'll tell you this much. The next hitcher is shit outta luck.

PEPPER
I just don't understand. Why did she do it?

MORGAN
Maybe it was the drugs...

ERIN
No - you could see it in her eyes... There was something she was scared of. God, she was like our age.

ANDY
Dude. Gas station.

POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The van ZOOMS PAST a road sign: **A Giant Cow - BBQ.** *

40 EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

The van is parked in a dirt lot in front of this weathered clapboard building. SMOKE drifts from a metal chimney. There's an old gas pump, a rack of USED CLOTHING, a pile of used LUGGAGE, a cartload of USED TIRES, and an old VAN SEAT which functions as a porch bench.

Erin and Pepper head towards the ladies room as Kemper takes a deep breath, collects himself, then enters the store. Morgan and Andy are right behind him.

41 INT. GENERAL STORE - SAME TIME

As Kemper enters, the proprietress, a withered old woman, LUDA MAY, is looking through a window at the van.

LUDA MAY
Well, I'll be damned.

Her face, leathery from years of prairie wind and dust, gives no reaction.

LUDA MAY (CONT'D)
Something like this comes along, you realize just how crazy the world is out there.

42 OMIT 42 O

43 INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

As hot as it is outside, it's hotter in here. Luda May is on the phone. Kemper, Morgan and Andy stand across the counter.

LUDA MAY
(into phone)
It's awful. There's six of 'em all together. Includin' the dead one, poor thing.

44 INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Andy passes Morgan, who wanders along a shelf of smoked beef. Cured beef. Cubed beef. Beef jerky.

MORGAN
Dude. Want some beef?

Andy points to a chalkboard featuring the daily fare: Beef tongue, Hamhock. Head cheese.

ANDY
(sincerely)
Do vegans eat head cheese?

Other than beef products, the store is stocked with more USED CLOTHING and TIRES, bins of CAR MIRRORS, FAN BELTS, HOSES, SPARK PLUGS, etc. All used. Kemper paces, running his fingers across a filthy counter top. He is clearly getting frustrated.

LUDA MAY
(into phone)
...Why don't you come on out and ask 'em yourself... Uh-huh.
(to Kemper)
Where'd you say you found her again?

KEMPER
I already told you, ten minutes west of here.

LUDA MAY
(into phone)
'Bout three miles west. Right.

She hangs up the phone, spitting tobacco into a spittoon. *

KEMPER
How soon will he be here?

LUDA MAY
Sheriff said he's headin' over to the old Crawford mill...

KEMPER
THE WHAT?!

LUDA MAY
...Wants to know if y'all wouldn't mind drivin' out that way to make a report?

KEMPER
Yes, we goddam mind!

MORGAN
How often *do* girls blow their heads off around this shithole town?!

KEMPER
We're not going to drive around town with a DEAD GIRL IN MY VAN!

She stares daggers at him. Andy comes over, attempting to calm down Kemper and Morgan.

ANDY
Excuse my friends, ma'am. Cool it.

KEMPER
(to Luda May)
Why the hell can't the Sheriff meet us here?

LUDA MAY
Didn't say. Just be a couple hours before he could.

KEMPER
(exploding)
Give me a fucking break! There's no goddam way we're waiting a couple fucking hours!

LUDA MAY
(not smiling)
Young man, what you do is your own business.

45 **EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY**

The van pulls out of the dirt lot. It follows a remote access road into the plains.

46 INT. VAN - DAY

PEPPER
She's starting to stink back there.

MORGAN
No worse than the inside of that store. Did you guys see all that nasty beef shit in there?

ERIN
Morgan, if I have to heave again, I'm doing it on you.

47 INT. VAN - DAY

The road is now lined by mesquite and cottonwood trees. The area becomes increasingly overgrown with dry Johnson grass.

MORGAN
(cringing)
Maybe we should have just waited at the store.

ANDY
For a couple of hours? No thanks.

They continue along the road. Looking around, feeling somewhat lost.

ERIN
The lady said this road would take us right to the house.

Kemper turns into an unpaved trail through a ghostly DEAD ORANGE GROVE that's choked with bramble and vine.

48 EXT. UNPAVED TRAIL - DAY

The van passes a WRECKED CAR half concealed in the dense overgrowth.

49 INT. VAN - DAY

Everyone grows increasingly apprehensive as they follow this remote road.

ANDY
I don't know about you, but I didn't take a week off work to drag a damn corpse around the prairie.

Everyone turns toward Andy. It wasn't intended as a joke. But suddenly they all crack up, HOWLING with laughter, desperate for some kind of release.

KEMPER
Hey. What's that?

Everyone leans forward for a look. A dilapidated building is scarcely seen up ahead through the harrowing trees.

50 EXT. ABANDONED COTTON MILL - DAY

This is a rotting structure. Charred. Angular. Broken windows. No roof.

The van is parked in front. The five youths now stand before this horrid place. **The blackened walls are marred with PRIMITIVE DRAWINGS AND OBSCENE MISSPELLINGS.**

Archive Form

MORGAN
No wonder there's a law against relatives marrying each other.

KEMPER
Ain't no sheriff here...

MORGAN
I say we dump her and get the hell out of here.

KEMPER
Maybe we should vote on it.

ERIN
Kemper. No.

MORGAN
Why not, Erin? It's a damn democracy.

ERIN
How would you like it if we dumped your body out here?

MORGAN
Hey, nobody asked her to blow her brains out in our van.

KEMPER
My van.

ANDY
I say we dump her.

PEPPER
Pig.

MORGAN
Cool. That's two votes. One more and we're out of this cow town. Kemper?

Everyone looks at him. The swing vote. He looks at Erin.

KEMPER
Baby, she's dead. It won't matter to her where we leave her.

ERIN
Well it matters to me. If that still means anything.

Archive Form

KEMPER
Erin...

ERIN
That girl's got parents out there that might want her back - not dumped like some piece of trash.

Beat. Pepper weighs in:

PEPPER
What if that old lady got our plates? We could get in a lot of trouble.

ANDY
The old lady couldn't care less. You heard her. "What you do is your own business." Man, that's like gospel to these prairie billies.

Kemper shrugs at Erin. She grabs him by the shirt and pulls him away, moving to the OTHER SIDE OF THE VAN, out of earshot of the others. *

ERIN
Why do you think I didn't get high once the entire trip? *

KEMPER
I can't read your mind Erin. *

ERIN
I'm pregnant. You're gonna be a dad, Kemper.

Kemper is stunned.

ERIN *
I'm not having our baby in prison. *
(walking in front of the rotting gin)

She backs off as Andy comes around the van, clearly having eavesdropped - the others are a few steps behind him.

ANDY
So, congratulations are in order...
(sees Erin's sour face)
...I guess... *

Archive Film

Erin plants herself on the charred porch steps. Her back is to the entrance of the abandoned house. There's no front door. We can't see much within the creepy darkness.

But SOMETHING INSIDE stirs past a shaft of light. Pepper SCREAMS.

ANDY
(annoyed)
What's your problem?!

MORGAN
Someone's in that fucking place!

ERIN
Bullshit.

MORGAN
I swear to God! Something moved!

ERIN
You're just trying to scare me into leaving.

KEMPER
Erin...

ERIN
Go to hell.

He starts to approach her. She gets up and walks inside the mill.

KEMPER
Erin! Don't!

51 INT. ABANDONED MILL - DAY

The lower-level is mired in shadow. A few shafts of light poke through the porous ceiling.

52 **EXT. ABANDONED MILL - DAY**

KEMPER
(calling after Erin)
Quit screwing around.

A horrible SCREAM comes from the inside of the house. Erin's scream. Kemper reacts, instantly rushing up the front porch steps.

Archive Form

53 INT. ABANDONED MILL *

Kemper charges in, looking for Erin. There is no sign of her. He grabs a charred piece of lumber as a makeshift weapon. The others rush in behind him.

KEMPER
ERIN! WHERE ARE YOU?!

She steps out of the darkness, passing through a shaft of light.

ERIN
(grinning slyly)
Thought I saw a mouse.

A SOUND comes from a darkened corner. Pepper GASPS. *

KEMPER
Who's there? **Don't fuck around!**

He raises the wood threateningly, inching toward an ominous closet which has partially fallen into the rotting floors.

Kemper slowly extends his hand, then YANKS back the door swiftly. A SHRIEKING POSSUM BOLTS OUT OF THERE. HE JUMPS!

Kemper breathes a sigh of relief, and turns away. To come face-to-face with the figure of a small boy sliding out of his hammock from the shadow, SCARING THE SHIT OUT OF KEMPER and the others.

The figure jumps back into the shadows. WE HEAR his HEAVY BREATHING.

KEMPER
WHO ARE YOU?!

WE HEAR a voice but there's something peculiar about it. *

SMALL BOY
What did you do to her?

KEMPER
Huh?

SMALL BOY
The girl. The girl in the van.
What did you do to her?

KEMPER
We didn't do anything to her.

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ERIN (CONT'D) *
Oh my god.

He's frightened. *

STRANGE BOY
You promise you won't hurt me?

54 EXT. ABANDONED MILL - MOMENTS LATER 5

Erin and the Strange Boy sit together on the dock. The others stand before them. **The Strange Boy holds a busted up softball - he runs his finger along its worn stitches.** * *

KEMPER
Is this the Crawford mill?

STRANGE BOY
I used to play here with my friend Billy. But he died.

ERIN
What's your name?

STRANGE BOY
Was she mad?

ERIN
Yes. She was real mad.
(beat)
My name's Erin...

STRANGE BOY
Jedidiah.

Morgan scoffs.

MORGAN
(to Pepper whispering)
Weren't you in the Beverly Hillbillies? *

Jedidiah doesn't notice the crude remark, but Pepper does and elbows him for it. Erin gives Morgan a dirty look, then smiles at the scared boy. *

ERIN *
What position do you play? *

JEDIDIAH *
Huh? *

ERIN
(pointing to the ball)
Softball.

Jedidiah doesn't have a clue.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I used to play softball.
(Jedidiah gives her a blank expression)
You know, the game.

Jedidiah just looks down at his ball.

ERIN (CONT'D)
It's like baseball, but with a bigger ball. Like the one you're holding.

Erin looks at his ball and then at him - she feels sorry for him.

JEDIDIAH
Billy and me used to play in here a lot. Running and hiding and making stuff. That was fun...

ANDY
(impatiently)
Listen, kid, we're supposed to meet the sheriff here. Have you seen him?

JEDIDIAH
Yeah.

ERIN
Where?

JEDIDIAH
Home. Gettin' drunk.

MORGAN
Cool. Let's split.

ERIN
Does he live around here?

JEDIDIAH
Other side of that grove.

He points to the ominous dead groves.

KEMPER
Can we drive there from here?

JEDIDIAH
This road don't go to the sheriff's. But it's a pretty short walk.

It's a pretty creepy walk as well. *

MORGAN
Hey, if the sheriff doesn't give a shit, why should we?

Everyone considers this point. Morgan sees an opening.

MORGAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Look man, we just got splattered with brains; our stash is gone; we're fucking around in this goddam hick town; and I'm not about to lose my front row Skynard seats. So let's just get out of here! * * * * * *

Sounds pretty tempting. Everyone looks to Kemper for an answer. It's entirely his call.

Erin doesn't bother coaxing him. She wants him to make the right call on his own. He looks at her. Then...

KEMPER
(to Jedidiah)
How do I get there?

Erin smiles just a bit.

55 EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON * 55

Erin and Kemper follow a narrow trail through a dreary cluster of dead trees and tangled vine.

KEMPER
Why didn't you tell me sooner?

ERIN
I wanted you to propose for the right reason.

KEMPER
What do you mean?

Erin stops. She finally faces him.

56 EXT. ABANDONED MILL - DAY

Andy's doing push-ups. Morgan and Pepper sit near by.

Jedidiah has opened the back of the van. He is poking at the corpse with a stick. Andy now notices this.

ANDY
Hey, you sick little mutant. That's police evidence.

Jedidiah walks away with his stick. Dejected.

PEPPER
That poor boy. I'll bet he doesn't have many friends.

MORGAN
I wonder why.

57 EXT. WOODS - DAY

Erin and Kemper emerge from the groves and STOP.

KEMPER (cont'd)
But to raise a family with you. And have a bunch of little tykes runnin' around, teaching 'em about cars, goin' to car shows, taking 'em on vacation every year to the Indy 500..

Kemper has charmed her.

REVERSE ANGLE - A FARMSTEAD ON THE PLAINS

There's a two-story farmhouse with a red barn in back and a rusty mailbox with the name HEWITT on it. Pretty quaint.

KEMPER (CONT'D)
Let's get this over with.

Kemper and Erin start toward the house in the distance.

58 INT. ABANDONED MILL - LATE AFTERNOON

Jedidiah appears from the woods, approaching Pepper, who sits on the ground with Morgan.

JEDIDIAH
I drew a picture of you. Wanna see it?

PEPPER
Sure.

Jedidiah removes a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket, and hands it to her. HIS DRAWING of her is childish, but also charming. There's a natural sweetness to it.

PEPPER (CONT'D)
Wow. This is really good.

JEDIDIAH
You sure you're not just saying that?

PEPPER
No, I swear. I like it.

JEDIDIAH
(beat)
Wanna see the rest of 'em I done?

PEPPER
Sure.
(to Morgan)
Don't we?

Pepper stands up.

MORGAN
Of course we do.

She helps him to his feet. Andy watches from the porch step as they follow Jedidiah around to the back of the mill.

ANDY
Hey, where you guys going?

59 EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

It's not so quaint from this distance. The clapboards are cracked. The paint is chipped. The windows are without screens. The porch swing adds a little warmth.

Erin and Kemper step up to the screen door. A MOZART RECORD PLAYS on a SCRATCHY PHONOGRAPH somewhere inside.

Erin knocks.

ERIN
Hello! Anybody home?

No answer. This time Kemper KNOCKS. Rudely.

Review Form

KEMPER
HELLO!!!

The MUSIC STOPS. Kemper and Erin exchange looks.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
What do you want?

ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM INSIDE THE GLOOMY HOUSE

Erin and Kemper PRESS THEIR FACES against the dark screen, trying to see inside. WE HEAR a small dog GROWL. *

ERIN
Are you the sheriff?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Do I look like the sheriff?

ERIN
I don't know. I can't see you.

60 INT. ABANDONED MILL - BACK ROOM - AFTERNOON 6

Jedidiah leads Pepper, Morgan, and Andy into a lower room that's partially exposed to sunlight. The wall in the sunlight is COVERED WITH PICTURES of various people Jedidiah has drawn. He adds the picture of Pepper to the wall.

PEPPER
Thanks, Jedidiah. I feel so honored.

ANDY
You sure about that?

He walks into the portion of the room which is IN SHADOW. This wall is also covered in hand-drawn pictures, but these are GROTESQUE. Abstract. Violent.

MORGAN
Hey, kid, you draw these, too?

The DOOR SLAMS SHUT. He turns to Jedidiah, only to find him gone.

PEPPER
Maybe we should...

ANDY
...go back to the van. Right.

They exit quickly.

Airdrie Form

A60 **EXT. ABANDONED MILL - SAME TIME** 7

Jedidiah runs away.

61 EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Erin and Kemper still stand at the screen door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Step back from the door.

A crippled old man, OLD MONTY, wheels himself out in a rusty, old chair. He is missing his legs. A Small Dog, his constant companion, sits in his lap.

OLD MONTY
Sheriff don't live here.

KEMPER
That figures.

OLD MONTY
(to Erin)
You can call him if you want.

ERIN
Thanks. We'd appreciate it.

As they start to enter, Old Monty stops them.

OLD MONTY
(to Erin)
Wipe your feet. I like to keep a clean house.

They wipe their feet on the porch mat. Erin enters. As Kemper enters, Old Monty stops him with his cane. The dog GROWLS louder.

OLD MONTY (CONT'D)
(to Erin)
I said *you* can call him.
(to Kemper)
You can wait outside. I ain't looking for trouble.

The capped end of the cane is against Kemper's chest. He raises his arms in mock arrest.

KEMPER
Okay, chief. Don't shoot.

Kemper steps back on the porch. Old Monty uses the cane to yank the screen door shut.

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62 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE

Old Monty leads Erin through a hallway with a nicely polished floor. In contrast to the outside of the house, the interior comes off as a conventional American home.

They pass a stairway on the right that leads upstairs. Then turn left into a nicely decorated living room. All of the furniture is covered in plastic slip-covers.

OLD MONTY
In here. I'll dial him for you.

ERIN
Thanks.

As he dials, Erin picks up a ceramic bowl of potpourri from the table. She smells it. Doesn't smell too good. She puts it down, but not quite in the same place.

Old Monty, while waiting for the Sheriff to answer, restores the potpourri bowl to its rightful place.

63 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Erin is on the phone, listening.

ERIN
(into phone)
Thirty minutes. Believe me, I'll be there...Thank-you, Sheriff.

She hangs up, turning around. There is no sign of Old Monty.

ERIN (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Thank you. I'm all set.

OLD MONTY (O.S.)
Please...I need a little help...
I'm in the bathroom... I fell...

She rushes toward the voice, and the **PUG's** BARKING -- which * sound like they're coming from the bathroom.

64 INT. HALLWAY

There's no sign of Old Monty. Until she sees the toppled wheelchair sticking halfway out of a doorway on the other side of the room, which leads...

65 INT. BATHROOM

Old Monty is stuck on the floor, struggling to lift himself onto the toilet. **He pulls his catheter tube out of the toilet bowl.**

OLD MONTY
(embarrassed)
Could you just...

RUSTY BROWN WATER COMES OUT OF A WHINY SINK FAUCET drowns out his voice as he reaches out his hand. She steps over the wheelchair, struggling to lift him. She doesn't notice when SOMETHING SUDDENLY SWEEPS BEHIND HER IN A BLUR.

Old Monty gropes at her as she strains to lift him. Is he trying to help her, or pull her down with him?

A65 EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Kemper sits on the PORCH SWING. He rocks back and forth. He shakes loose a CAMEL STRAIGHT, flips the top of his ZIPPO with supercool élan, lights his smoke, inhales luxuriously.

KEMPER
Come on, Erin, what the hell's taking so long?

He impatiently gets up and heads for the porch door.

66 **INT. HALLWAY**

Kemper walks along the hallway, looking around. He approaches the stairway as something catches his eye.

67 **INT. BEHIND THE STAIRWAY**

A BIZARRE LITTLE ARTIFACT HANGS on the wall. It is a RODENT SKULL with BELLS in its EYE-SOCKETS. Feathers and more bells dangle from it. Kemper turns it in his hand, inspecting it. It jingles a bit.

He looks up and sees a door, slightly ajar. As he stretches his arm out towards the door, he accidentally DROPS the SKULL. TINKLE. TINKLE.

Kemper bends down to pick it up as a SWARTHY SILHOUETTE moves FLASH-LIKE up on him. In one swift move he swings his sledgehammer mercilessly at Kemper's head. THWAK!

68 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Someone has Kemper by the hair. Kemper's WILD EYES stare up in horror at his captor - a TOPSY-TURVY VIEW OF A MONSTROUS * BRUTE. Bestial. Soiled. He wears a blood-streaked plastic * yellow apron. A dirty black wig. And a MASK made of moldy human flesh. *

69 INT. BATHROOM

The faucet WHINES EVEN LOUDER, as Erin struggles to lift Old * Monty, who keeps flailing. The dog BARKS even louder.

ERIN
(over noise)
You're not helping me! Just relax!

OLD MONTY
WHAT?

70 INT. HALLWAY *

Kemper fights with all his strength, kicking and grabbing at anything within reach, particularly a metal doorframe as Leatherface pulls him through. An EERIE GREEN LIGHT GLOWS * from above.

Leatherface then jerks an INDUSTRIAL SLIDING METAL DOOR SHUT with a CRASH that makes the entire house shudder!!

71 INT. BATHROOM

Old Monty smiles ever so slightly as Erin suddenly drops him.

ERIN
(panicked)
What the hell was that?

She bolts out the door.

72 INT. HALLWAY

Rushing in from the kitchen, she comes to the OMINOUS, LARGE-METAL DOORWAY at the end of the hall, which is completely out of place with the rest of the house. It's as if this doorway is a portal to another place entirely.

She hears something FROM BEHIND the metal door.

ERIN
Kemper?

Archive Form

She moves to the rusty metal door, looking at it curiously. There is no way to open the door from this side. Mounted in the center is a SHIFTY SPYGLASS PEEPHOLE.

Erin puts her eye to it, trying to see through. Then puts her ear to the door. Hearing nothing, she turns away.

SQUEEEEEEEAK! The RUSTY PEEPHOLE moves to follow her. Erin SPINS AROUND, rushing back to the peephole, which doesn't move. Or did it? Is she seeing things? Hearing things?

OLD MONTY
Something wrong?

Erin SPINS AROUND again to face Old Monty, who's back in his wheelchair. Blocking her path to the front door. She looks at him suspiciously.

ERIN
Where is he?

OLD MONTY
I don't know. Check out back if you like.

ERIN
What?!

She forces her way past him.

73 EXT. ABANDONED MILL - LATE AFTERNOON

Pepper sits between Morgan and Andy on the porch as a battered sheriff's car pulls up behind the van. It's a late-model white FORD LTD with a broken bubble light and dented front end.

PEPPER
Thank god.

She goes to the car as SHERIFF HOYT, 30s, crisply-ironed uniform, military short hair, steps out, putting on his cap. He's a reassuring presence.

SHERIFF HOYT
Sorry I'm late.

PEPPER
You have no idea how glad we are to see you.

Sheriff Hoyt turns to the blood-stained rear windows of the van.

ANDREW KOIN

SHERIFF HOYT
I'm guessing that's where the body is...

74 INT. VAN

Sweating like crazy, and trying not to be overcome by the stench, Pepper, Morgan, and Andy look on from the open side door as Sheriff Hoyt inspects the body. Apparently unfazed by the heat or rotting smell, he carefully picks up the **357 Snubnose** used in the suicide. *

SHERIFF HOYT
Who does this belong to?

ANDY
She had it on her.

Sheriff Hoyt sniffs the barrel, checks the chamber, etc.

SHERIFF HOYT
You sure about that?

75 EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Erin walks the perimeter of the house, looking for Kemper.

ERIN
Kemper, where the hell are you? KEMPER!

Old Monty wheels himself after her.

OLD MONTY
Maybe he went back to the old Crawford mill.

ERIN
(shaking her head)
Goddam him.

As she steps off the porch, walking back toward the horse trail, CAMERA DOLLIES IN toward the screen door. There we see the SILHOUETTE OF A FACE watching from within.

76 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sheriff Hoyt pulls a 40 foot roll of cellophane in front of him, obscuring his face.

77 EXT. VAN - ANGLE THROUGH BLOODY REAR WINDOWS

A reddish SILHOUETTE of the THREE MEN RAISING THE CORPSE fro the sofa.

A surreal, Bosch-like IMAGE seen through the translucent veil of blood. A BALD HEAD POPS UP INTO SHOT. Jedidiah. Furtively looking into the van.

78 EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

Erin walks alone on the horse trail as the SUN SETS, casting wicked shadows all around her. The tangled tree limbs overhead seem lower than before.

ERIN
KEMPER!

A tree limb SNAPS somewhere behind her. She spins around.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Kemper, is that you?

She waits a beat for an answer, then resumes her walk. Moving much faster.

79 EXT. ABANDONED MILL - LATE AFTERNOON

Pepper looks on as Sheriff Hoyt, Morgan, and Andy carry the corpse out of the van. The body is now COCOONED in plastic wrap. A cellophane MUMMY. They carry it to his car, placing the body into the backseat.

PEPPER
It just seems wrong...

The Sheriff looks back at Pepper.

SHERIFF HOYT
Young lady, I have nothing but the utmost respect for the dead. But if I don't get this girl on ice right quick she's sure to rot.

ANDY
(quickly)
Thanks so much for your help. Really...

He turns to Pepper, eyeballing her to keep her mouth shut.

SHERIFF HOYT
I'd stay with you until your friends get back, but if I do--

He motions to the body as he closes his car door.

MORGAN
--We understand. I'm sure they'll be back soon.

Antique Form

SHERIFF HOYT
So am I. Old Monty isn't one for keeping company, anyway.
(beat)
Sure you know how to find your way out?

MORGAN
No problem. Thanks again, Sheriff.

Sheriff Hoyt gets into his car and drives away. *
*

80 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE

CAMERA MOVES QUICKLY DOWN a claustrophobic, concrete stairway.

81 INT. BASEMENT *

Two inches of water covers the floor. Discarded household items are piled in corners: a busted-up piano, a manually-operated lawn mower, a Workmate, etc.

CAMERA CONTINUES toward a TOOL WALL where every device has an assigned space. We focus on a 17" MEAT CLEAVER, in which we can see a DISTORTED REFLECTION OF LEATHERFACE at work. He leans like a surgeon over someone on a butcher block.

KEMPER (O.S.)
(terrified)
What...are you doing?

Suddenly, the CLEAVER CLEARS FRAME, revealing its HOOK and stenciled outline on the corkboard wall.

KEMPER'S EYES

Go wide with absolute terror as he continues SCREAMING in excruciating pain.

KEMPER
DON'T!!! STOP!!!

WE HEAR the cleaver WHISK DOWN...THWACK!!! Kemper's frightened, darting eyes suddenly FREEZE with the vacant stillness of death.

82 EXT. ABANDONED MILL - **(TRACTOR) LATE AFTERNOON** *

Andy, Morgan and Pepper stand beside the van, looking in through the sliding side door.

INSIDE THE VAN

The wet velvet upholstery is still matted with blood and brain matter. The van is BUZZING with FLIES.

ANDY
Poor Kemper. He'll never get the stink out of this van.

PEPPER
Think we should try to clean it?

MORGAN
Be my guest.

Pepper looks inside. She's having serious second thoughts. **Just then, Erin appears. They are relieved to see her.**

ERIN
You okay?

PEPPER
(catching her breath)
It's too much...I'm gonna be sick--

Pepper runs behind the van for some privacy.

ERIN
Good news. The sheriff's on his way.

Morgan and Andy look at each other, then at Erin.

ANDY
Uh, Erin---

ERIN
Where's Kemper?

ANDY
---the sheriff was already here.

ERIN
What?

PEPPER
He took the body.

Erin stares at them. Are they serious? She looks inside. Then she turns to Andy. Utterly confused.

ERIN
I don't get it...?

Andrew Form

Erin steps away from the van. She looks toward the abandoned mill, then toward the rotting groves...

ERIN (CONT'D) *
(hollering)
KEMPER...!

They all step in front of the gin, walking in front of an OLD RUSTY TRACTOR. *

ERIN (cont'd) (CONT'D) *
Andy? Where the fuck is he...?

Andy doesn't hear her. He's too preoccupied with something BEHIND her.

ANDY
Pepper...?

Pepper just stands there. She's scared speechless.

BEHIND THE TRACTOR - MOMENTS LATER

Erin and Andy crouch down for a look at dirt. Pepper stands behind them. Trembling. Morgan is beside her.

Andy pulls something loose from the brittle earth.

INSERT - A STRING OF BROKEN TEETH

wired together with orthodontic braces!

ERIN
Shit Andy...

PEPPER
What is it?!

ANDY
Nothing.

PEPPER
It's somebody's teeth, isn't it?! *

ANDY
Pepper, just calm down.

PEPPER
Erin, find your goddamn boyfriend.
It's time to go.

Suddenly, WE HEAR A WILD SQUEAKING SOUND.

They look over and see Jedidiah ROCKING on the RUSTED OUT TRACTOR. The grating sound comes from the spring seat.

A CAR HORN BLARES in the distance -- somewhere down the dirt road that got them here.

ANDY
I'll bet that's him.

ERIN
What the hell's he doing?

Erin starts running toward the BLARING HORN. Morgan, Andy and Pepper follow her.

83 EXT. WOODED ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Erin closes in on the sound of the HORN.

A car has left a trail through the tangled grove. Andy points to it as he turns back to the others. **He's got a tire iron sticking out of the back of his pants.**

ANDY
This way.

84 EXT. AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

They find a clearing. A FORD STATION WAGON is there. The HORN BLARES INCESSANTLY.

ANDY
Looks like somebody missed the road.

As they enter further, they discover a veritable

GRAVEYARD OF AUTOMOBILES

Most have out-of-state plates. Ohio. Florida. New Mexico. New York. Washington. *None of the vehicles have wheels.* Most have been *stripped of their parts.*

A FORD STATION WAGON is the car closest to them. The windows are smashed. CALIFORNIA PLATES. Its HORN CONTINUES LOUDLY.

The interior of the station wagon looks like it was attacked by a bear. Broken glass is everywhere. The upholstery is shredded. Radio smashed. Toys strewn about on the floor have been ripped apart.

Production Form

Andy reaches in through the broken driver's side window. **A STICK is wedged against the steering wheel horn. He dislodges it and the horn finally stops.**

Morgan sees something in the back. He reaches through the shattered glass...

PEPPER
Be careful.

Morgan suddenly looks terrified. He can't get his arm out! As Pepper starts to freak, he laughs. It was only a joke.

PEPPER (CONT'D)
That isn't funny!

He pulls out a JAR WITH AMBER LIQUID inside it.

ERIN
What the hell?

Moving closer, she sees TWO POLAROIDS (back-to-back) are suspended within the liquid.

ONE POLAROID

shows a family with a Teenage Girl and BOY along with their PARENTS and BABY GIRL, maybe a year old, wearing RABBIT PAJAMAS. He wears a Felix The Cat T-SHIRT.

THE OTHER POLAROID

Is a CLOSE-UP of the TEENAGE GIRL during happier times.

Andy turns to the others. Each of them is terrified.

ERIN
That's her. That's the girl we picked up...

Silence.

PEPPER
What were they doing out here?

MORGAN
Looking for the sheriff?

Morgan blocks their way.

MORGAN
Who's got the keys?

Angel Film

ERIN
You gonna stop me?

PEPPER
(to Erin)
Who put you in charge?

ERIN
You wanna go? Go! But we're not leaving in that van without him.

Erin flashes the van KEYS. Morgan turns to Andy for support.

MORGAN
Andy, let's get the fuck out of here while we can.

PEPPER
I don't know about you guys, but I happen to like my teeth right where they are.

Erin awaits Andy's decision. She won't depend on him, but she could use all the help she could get.

ANDY
Dude. We're talking about Kemper.

Morgan, now sensing defeat, panics. **He lunges for the keys as Erin pockets them.**

ERIN
Don't even think about it!

Erin walks off toward the grove.

ANDY
Hey! Wait up!

Morgan and Pepper head back to the abandoned mill.

85 OMIT 85 O

86 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT

An old-fashioned BATH TUB sits in a corner. It's blood-stained and draped with a moldy transparent plastic shower curtain. CAMERA DOLLIES IN. Through the curtain, Leatherface is seen in SILHOUETTE. **He preps Kemper's partially NAKED BODY, then HOISTS it upside down, up and above the tub.**

Something falls out of Kemper's pocket into the bathtub. CLINK, CLINK.

Archive Film

Leatherface bends down and picks up the item without interest. He places the item on an adjacent table, and continues to work on Kemper with a LONG BONING KNIFE.

ON THE ADJACENT TABLE

We now see what the item was that fell from Kemper's pocket. AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

A86 EXT. ABANDONED GIN - DUSK A

Morgan and Pepper sit close to each other. *

PEPPER
I wish this day never happened.

MORGAN
(reassuringly)
Everything's going to be all right.

He puts his arm around her. She pulls her shoulder away.

A DIRTY BUSTED UP SOFTBALL ROLLS TOWARDS THEM. Pepper SCREAMS. They turn around and see Jedidiah sitting in the shadows in a dilapidated armchair, swinging his legs and rubbing his palms against the rotten armrests.

PEPPER
Don't ever sneak up on people like that!

JEDIDIAH
Is your friend really gonna have a baby?

MORGAN
Do yourself a favor, kid, and get the hell out of here.

Jedidiah doesn't move.

JEDIDIAH
I hope it's a boy.

MORGAN
(exploding)
GET OUT OF HERE!!!

Jedidiah runs away. He throws the softball after him, as if chasing away some mangy dog.

87 **EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - DUSK**

Everything seems so peaceful. Quiet except for the growling Shih-Tzu. Old Monty waters his **herb garden** with a watering can. **From this angle, we can see a barn and A DOZEN LAUNDRY LINES at the rear of the property.**

ERIN (O.S.)
Kemper!

88 OMIT 88 O

89 EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - DUSK

Old Monty's dog starts to bark as Erin comes around the house. Andy hangs back as he waits for Erin to distract Old Monty.

ERIN
Hi, it's me again...

90 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - DUSK

Andy grips the tire iron tightly as he walks down the hall.

ANDY
(hushed)
Kemper?

The polished floorboards CREAK underfoot.

91 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Andy looks around the room. He walks into another room. The FLOORBOARDS CREAK with his every step.

92 **INT. KITCHEN**

Andy enters this bizarre room. A GRID OF BEDSPRINGS IS SUSPENDED FROM THE CEILING -- BEEF JERKY and OTHER MEAT HANGS FROM THE SPRINGS, CURING. Andy looks around, creeped out. He hears a DRIPPING sound. A pair of nylon stockings hang over the sink. Pink water SPLASHES into the sink.

Andy then approaches the refrigerator. He opens the door.

FROM INSIDE THE FRIDGE

Looking out at Andy looking in. We see some bottles of beer and a couple or jugs filled with red liquid. Kool Aid? Or what...?

Screenplay Form

93 **INT. KITCHEN** 9

Andy closes the door and notices something above. He sees an overstuffed suitcase on top of the fridge. An article of clothing sticks out of it. He reaches up for it. Suddenly, the suitcase falls, a wave of clothing and mason jars full of preserved cherries come tumbling down all over him. CRASH!

ANDY
SHIT!

94 OMIT 94 OMI

95 EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - DUSK 9

Erin hears him.

ERIN
Andy?!

She rushes inside the house.

OLD MONTY
Hey! You can't just go in my house!

96 INT. KITCHEN 9

Erin rushes in to find Andy standing by the open suitcase, and its spilled contents. Bright red cherries are everywhere.

ERIN
What happened? You okay?

ANDY
(embarrassed)
Yeah...

97 **INT. HALLWAY** !

Exiting the kitchen, Erin and Andy turn towards the menacing steel door. They look at it for a beat.

OLD MONTY (O.S.)
What the hell you doin' in my house?

Old Monty comes wheeling into frame, over the camera. *

ANDY
Where is he?!

Preview Form

OLD MONTY
You ain't runnin' things, boy.
'Cept your mouth.

Old Monty rolls his wheelchair toward Andy. Brazenly. Andy raises the tire iron. Despite his physical advantages, Andy is clearly intimidated.

ANDY
Don't push me pops.

Old Monty LAUGHS. Andy obviously doesn't scare him much.

OLD MONTY
You little turd. You're so dead
you don't even know it.

ANDY
Back off!

Andy threatens Monty with the tire iron. Monty beckons him forward with his cane.

OLD MONTY
C'mon, boy. Bring it.

He BANGS the cane on the wooden floor. LOUDLY.

Andy backs up, toward the ominous METAL DOOR.

ANDY
Bring what?

Old Monty BANGS some more. LOUDER. He's enjoying this.

ANDY
(nervously)
This guy is crazy!

Old Monty LAUGHS some more. He continues to WHACK the floor with the cane. Andy is frightened. Distracted. During the commotion the ominous METAL DOOR SLIDES OPEN BEHIND ANDY to reveal

LEATHERFACE

He nearly fills the doorframe. Leatherface jerks the start-cord on HIS CHAINSAW. WAAAAHHHH!!!

ERIN AND ANDY

turn around and stare in disbelief.

Violent Form

ERIN
Oh...my...god.

ANDY
HOLY SHIT!!!

Erin freezes and holds the wall, as Andy pulls the tire iron out to brace himself against Leatherface's assault. He tries to run. Old Monty sticks his cane out and TRIPS HIM UP.

Andy falls backwards, dropping the tire iron. The tire iron SLIDES towards Old Monty, who turns his wheelchair 90 degrees and rolls over it -- TRAPPING IT AND BLOCKING ERIN'S ESCAPE PATH. From his knees Andy tries to free the tire iron but can't. Just as Leatherface is about to descend on Andy, Erin YANKS the CATHETER TUBE FROM OUT OF OLD MONTY - making him contract, freeing the tire iron. The pain is unspeakable.

ERIN
ANDY!!!

With tire iron in hand, Andy raises it over his head, just in time to BLOCK the ROARING BLADE. Barely. SPARKS FLY.

ANDY
ERIN RUN!!!

Erin hesitates for a second, then runs past Old Monty and out the front door.

Andy kicks Leatherface in the leg and causes him to lose control of the chainsaw - Leatherface misses and it eats wood - getting jammed in the floorboards. This buys him just enough time to get up and bolt.

98 EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - **DAY**

Andy rushes out of the house, SLAMMING the screen door behind him. A beat later

LEATHERFACE RIPS THROUGH THE SCREEN

with the chainsaw.

99 EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy is quick. But so is Leatherface. He lumbers after his prey like a powerful beast. The SNARLING CHAINSAW leaves a smokey trail. **Approaching the**

WHITE PICKET FENCE

FACTORY

Andy jumps over it. He looks back as Leatherface smashes right through it -- stakes and splinters fly everywhere. The CHASE PROCEEDS toward the

LAUNDRY LINES - SERIES OF ANGLES

A frantic, zigzagging CHASE through the swaying linens and garments. Andy is pretty agile for a man his size. Leatherface is too. We only see VEILED GLIMPSES of him as he RIPS and TEARS through the wash like a tornado.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Andy is literally clotheslined. Falls on his ass. A line of wash goes down with him. He gets up and tries to run but he's tangled in the line and dragging the wash!

ANGLE - LEATHERFACE

closing ground fast!

ANGLE - CHAINSAW

swooping down.

ANGLE - ANDY

The saw blade instantaneously LOPS OFF Andy's leg in one fel swing.

WIDE ANGLE - THE LAUNDRY LINES

We only see their gruesome SILHOUETTES behind BIG WHITE SHEETS that are suddenly SPRAYED WITH BLOOD.

REVERSE ANGLE

Andy, horror stricken, continues running, but on ONE LEG! A half-beat as Andy's HACKED LIMB FLIES INTO CAMERA.

100 EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Erin runs as fast as her legs will carry her through the narrow horse trail. She momentarily slows down as the awfu sounds ECHO through the overbrush.

ERIN

NOOO!!!

After a beat, she keeps running.

Preview Form

101 EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - DAY 10

Andy desperately crawls TOWARD CAMERA -- his face a mask of agony. But he's strong as an ox, and determined as hell.

Leatherface lifts him with ease and slings him across his shoulder -- a frightening testament to the beast's strength. He carries Andy toward the farmhouse. *

102 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE 10

Leatherface carries Andy through the metal door, then down the narrow stairway. Andy CLAWS at the panelled walls, leaving fresh SCRATCH MARKS among the old ones.

An ENTIRE FINGERNAIL BUSTS OFF and EMBEDS in the wall. Andy SCREAMS as he's carried into the darkness below.

He and Leatherface are FRAMED IN SILHOUETTE by the BRIGHT * FLUORESCENT SHOP LIGHT.

103 OMIT 103 OMI

104 OMIT 104 OMI

105 INT. VAN - **NIGHT** *10

Pepper and Morgan are cleaning out the van. Suddenly, Erin jumps into the driver's seat, fumbles with her keys, is too rattled to get them into the ignition.

MORGAN
What the fuck...?

PEPPER
You okay?

ERIN
Where's the gun?! *

PEPPER
The sheriff took it...

ERIN
SHIT!

MORGAN
Erin?! What is going on?!? *

We can now see Erin's face is drenched with tears and snot. Pepper gets in on the passenger side. She sees the trouble Erin's having and helps her guide the key into the ignition. Erin STARTS the van. Puts it in gear. And POPS THE CLUTCH.

ERIN
FUCK!

She tries to restart the engine. It's flooded. Morgan is still trying to comprehend what's happening.

A SHADOW moves across Erin's open window. She SCREAMS then realizes it's the sheriff.

106 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - **NIGHT**

Andy is raised high in the air by a pair of FLESHY HANDS. A MEAT HOOK hangs in the f.g. Andy looks at it as Leatherface THRUSTS him down ON ANOTHER MEAT HOOK hanging by a chain in the b.g. WE HEAR the rusty iron hook BITE through the meat of his back. Andy's SCREAM is achingly primal.

Leatherface CLEARS FRAME. Andy flails in midair from the hook. Minus half a leg. Andy never takes his eyes off...

LEATHERFACE

As he moves across the room to a work bench, which is cluttered with tools of the butcher's trade. Cleavers. Knives. Sharpening tools. Meat molds and presses. Block scraper and bone dusters. Jars of bleach and preservatives.

ANGLE - ROCK SALT BARREL

A bloody hand REACHES IN and scoops out a CRUNCHY handful. CAMERA HOLDS ON BARREL. We hear Andy's harrowing SCREAMS.

107 INT./EXT. VAN - **NIGHT**

SHERIFF HOYT
(comforting)
Young lady, what seems to be the problem?

ERIN
THANK GOD!!!

He moves past her, peers into the van. He reaches in and picks up a ROACH out of the van's ashtray. The seemingly good-natured man turns abruptly distant and formal.

SHERIFF HOYT
(tersely)
Somebody care to explain this?

MORGAN
Uh sir, that--

SHERIFF HOYT
You kids using drugs?

MORGAN
Not me, sir.

Sheriff Hoyt surveys the scene. Closes his eyes. Inhales deeply. His ritual for conjuring his powers of detection. Morgan is clearly spooked by this.

SHERIFF HOYT
I smell bullshit.

The Sheriff suddenly opens his eyes.

A107 INT. BASEMENT - **NIGHT** A1

A TV is HEARD BLARING O.S.

ANGLE - PAPER DISPENSER

A sheet of brown paper is expertly TORN off.

HIS FLESHY HAND reaches for a pair of meat shears, and tests them. SNIP, SNIP. They work, all right. But Leatherface dabs them with a dot of oil for good measure.

ANGLE - TWINE SPOOL

A length of brown twine is SNIPPED off.

B107 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT B1

Erin, Pepper, and Morgan lay face down in the dirt as Sheriff Hoyt stands over them. Pepper is crying.

The creepy sheriff is examining their driver's licenses.

ERIN
Y...you...you've got to help him!
He's killing him!

SHERIFF HOYT
Now we're getting somewhere. Who is killing who?

Erin points to the horse trail. Shaking.

ERIN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

Erin tries to get up. Sheriff Hoyt shoves her back down with his boot.

SHERIFF HOYT
You keep your pretty little ass in that dirt until I say otherwise.

PEPPER
Oh my god...

MORGAN
Officer--please---

ERIN
I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE THIS!

SHERIFF HOYT
That makes two of us.
(to Morgan and Pepper)
You want to know what I think? I think your boyfriend shot that poor girl and then ran off.

ERIN
HE DID NOT!
(whispering to herself)
You ignorant prick.

PEPPER
WHY WON'T YOU LISTEN TO HER?!?

Sheriff Hoyt has heard enough. He pulls the **357 Snubnose** * from his holster and FIRES it in the dirt.

The girls SCREAM.

SHERIFF HOYT
Are you ladies gonna calm yourselves down? Or do I have to do it for you?

They don't say a word. They're too busy hyperventilating and crying into the dust. The Sheriff ambles over to the van. The side door is open. He turns toward the youths.

SHERIFF HOYT (cont'd) (CONT'D) *
C'mere boy.

MORGAN
(nervously)
Why?

SHERIFF HOYT
I want to know exactly what happened in this van.

MORGAN
We already told you what happened.

SHERIFF HOYT
You *told* me. Now you're gonna *show* me.

Morgan looks over at the girls. Nervously. What the hell did **the** Sheriff mean by that? *

108 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - LEATHERFACE'S BEDROOM 1(

A boy's room. Dark. Depressing. The wallpaper is printed with cowboys riding rodeo. Pennants from far-away schools are pinned to the wall. Dark oak furniture and drab brown drapes add to the melancholic vibe.

ANGLE ON LEATHERFACE'S SILHOUETTE

As he affixes his mask, we see in an obscured silhouetted profile view that his nose is missing. Instead, he has a skeletal indentation.

ANGLE ON NIGHT STAND

Two fingers dip into a jar of Vick's Vaporub. We see the MEATY HANDS working the ointment into the dirty skin. *

ANGLE ON SEWING KIT

A MEATY HAND reaches in and removes a sewing needle and fishing line. A thimble is placed on his filthy thumb.

ANGLE ON ARM CHAIR

Upholstered in human skin. Leatherface slumps down in the chair beside a drawn window shade. His masked face half in shadow. His body language expresses fatigue. It's been a busy day. Time to relax. He does so by sewing his new mask with the needle and tackle line.

109 INT. VAN

Morgan sits in a corner of the black sofa, where there is less blood. Through the OPEN SIDE DOOR, we see Erin and Pepper still laying face down in the dirt in the b.g.

The Sheriff looks at Morgan.

SHERIFF HOYT (cont'd)
Is that where she was sitting?

MORGAN
Yeah.

SHERIFF HOYT
Then how did her brains wind up on the window?

Morgan looks back at the bloodstained windows. The trajectory doesn't add up from where he sits.

MORGAN
She might have been more to the middle.

SHERIFF HOYT
Well? Then sit more to the middle.

Morgan looks at the gore beside him on the seat.

MORGAN
But...

SHERIFF HOYT
C'mon. It's just blood.

Morgan reluctantly slides over and sits where the girl was. The bloody windows are now directly behind him.

SHERIFF HOYT (CONT'D)
Okay. Then what?

MORGAN
(nervously)
Then she s-s-shot herself.

SHERIFF HOYT
How?

MORGAN
What do you mean?

Sheriff Hoyt pulls the suicide gun from his holster. He offers it to Morgan. BARREL END FIRST.

SHERIFF HOYT
Show me.

MORGAN
What?!

Archive Form

SHERIFF HOYT
It helps me clarify things if I have a distinct visual image.
(beat)
Take the gun!

Morgan is terrified. If he grabs that gun, his prints go on it...

SHERIFF HOYT (CONT'D)
(very matter-of-fact)
Either you're gonna cooperate or I'm gonna arrest you for obstruction.

Is he serious? The gun is still POINTED AT MORGAN. He reaches for it with a slow, trembling hand.

SHERIFF HOYT (CONT'D)
That's it...

Morgan's fingers reluctantly touch the barrel.

SHERIFF HOYT (CONT'D)
Take take the gun.

Morgan tugs on the barrel. The Sheriff won't release it. Morgan looks at him. The Sheriff smiles sadistically.

INSERT - THE TRIGGER

Caressed by the Sheriff's calloused finger.

BACK TO SCENE.

The Sheriff finally lets go. Morgan SIGHS.

SHERIFF HOYT
Show me.

MORGAN
You want me to...?

Sheriff Hoyt nods. Morgan's hand trembles worse. He starts to cry.

SHERIFF HOYT
Come on, you can do it. Show me...

His tone is lusty. So are his eyes. Morgan swallows hard. He slowly raises the gun, keeping his finger OFF THE TRIGGER.

SHERIFF HOYT (CONT'D)
Quit wasting my goddam time.

Andrew Form

MORGAN
Please...No, I...

ERIN (O.S.)
Morgan? Are you all right?

He's not. He slowly sets the trembling barrel under his CHATTERING JAW. He stares nervously into the Sheriff's eyes. It's like watching the eyes of a cobra.

SHERIFF HOYT
You sure she did it like that?

MORGAN
Yes.

SHERIFF HOYT
How'd she shoot without her finger on the trigger?

MORGAN
Oh god please---

SHERIFF HOYT
Put your finger on the trigger.

MORGAN
Please stop---

SHERIFF HOYT
(patiently)
Put your finger on the trigger.

Morgan becomes hysterical. The gun remains poised at his own head. Hot tears flood his face.

OUTSIDE THE VAN - ON ERIN AND PEPPER

facing each other nervously from the dirt.

ERIN
What's going on in there?

No answer. She starts to get up.

SHERIFF HOYT (OS)
Don't you dare get up.

BACK IN THE VAN

Sheriff Hoyt is looking outside toward the girls. He turns back TOWARD MORGAN -- and finds himself staring down the wrong end of the barrel.

Archive Form

MORGAN
YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!

Now his finger is ON THE TRIGGER.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
GET ON THE FLOOR!

SHERIFF HOYT
Easy boy...

ERIN (O.S.)
Morgan?!

MORGAN
I GOT HIS GUN! I GOT HIS FUCKING GUN!

Erin and Pepper get up off the ground and come over to the van. They couldn't be more stunned.

ERIN
What the hell are you doing?

MORGAN
(shaking)
I don't know, but he's a fucking whacko!

He keeps the gun in the Sheriff's face.

SHERIFF HOYT
You girls see this, right? You're witnesses.

MORGAN
I TOLD YOU TO GET ON THE FLOOR!

The Sheriff refuses. He's perfectly calm. And studying Morgan. Reading him.

SHERIFF HOYT
He pulls that trigger, you girls are accomplices. You know that?

Erin and Pepper are nervous as hell. And confused.

MORGAN
(to girls, terrified)
WHAT SHOULD I DO?!

PEPPER
I don't know!

Andrew Form

MORGAN
SHOULD I SHOOT HIM?!

ERIN
Put down the gun, Morgan...

The Sheriff is angry for being challenged in his own town.

SHERIFF HOYT
You shit heel!

Morgan's resolve wanes. A beat.

SHERIFF HOYT (CONT'D)
I already got you for assault.

MORGAN
YOU'RE LYING!

SHERIFF HOYT
Pull the trigger and find out.

ERIN
MORGAN! PUT IT DOWN!

Morgan looks at the girls, then at Sheriff Hoyt. Once again, he's shaking terribly.

SHERIFF HOYT
(to Morgan)
Go ahead, pull it. If it's loaded, you'll get away scot free. But folks around here don't like cop killers.

MORGAN
(crying)
You motherfucker...

ERIN
Morgan! Don't!

SHERIFF HOYT
Do it, you pussy! Pull the fucking trigger! Pull it! PULL IT!!!

SERIES OF ANGLES

The faces. The eyes. Ranging from scared to insane. And the trigger finger. Clutching. The hammer cocking.

Morgan pulls the trigger. CLICK! It's empty!

Archive Form

Morgan is horrified. So are the girls. Sheriff Hoyt takes back his gun. He grins at the girls.

SHERIFF HOYT
Yep. This one's the killer, all right.
(then to Morgan)
Only this time you shot a sheriff.

The sheriff takes the car keys and leaves.

110 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - FURNACE ROOM 1

Andy is still meat hooked. A large puddle of blood has formed beneath him. His complexion is gray. He strains to look toward the ceiling.

HIS POV

The meat hook chain is wrapped around a sturdy cross beam high above. If only he could reach it.

ANDY

He's going to try. He reaches overhead and clutches the iron links in both hands. He GROANS PITEOUSLY as he PULLS HIMSELF UP the chain. Fist by fist. The pain must be unspeakable. CAMERA FOLLOWS ANDY as he makes his way several inches up the chain. His face is drenched with sweat. So are his palms. He starts to slip. He MOANS.

Andy STOPS climbing. It takes every bit of strength just to hand on. His BREATHING is coarse and labored. Again he starts to climb. He makes it another inch...then loses his grip. He suddenly DROPS OUT OF FRAME--

ANGLE ON SWEATY PALMS clutching desperately as they SLIDE DOWN the linked chain--

--and K-CHANG! The chain SNAPS TAUT. Bones CRACK. We hear a HIDEOUS SCREAM.

112 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DUSK

Orange SUNLIGHT strobes through the ghastly dead trees. Sheriff Hoyt drives. Morgan sits in the back. Terrified.

MORGAN
Man, this is bullshit. I got rights!

SHERIFF HOYT
Where were you guys headed?

MORGAN
Dallas. **Skynyrd** concert.

SHERIFF HOYT
I like **Skynyrd.**

MORGAN
Me too!

Sheriff Hoyt looks at Morgan in the rearview mirror.

SHERIFF HOYT
(sarcastically)
Guess we got something common, huh?
(then)
What are you gonna with your tickets, boy?

MORGAN
(hopeful)
You want them? You can have 'em, man!

There's a pint of WILD TURKEY beside Sheriff Hoyt on the seat. He polishes off what's left of it. He looks back at Morgan quizzically.

SHERIFF HOYT
That a bribe...?

He suddenly SMASHES THE PINT BOTTLE across Morgan's mouth. Several teeth bust off. Morgan HOWLS.

SHERIFF HOYT (CONT'D) *
Oh, I'm sorry. That was rude. Did you want some?

Hoyt tosses the busted bottle neck to the floor, beside a heavily duct-taped TORQUE WRENCH.

SHERIFF HOYT (CONT'D) *
Now we've got even more in common.

He removes his FAKE FRONT TEETH for Morgan to see, and smiles IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR. *

113 OMIT 113 OM

114 INT. VAN - NIGHT 1

Erin tries to pop off the ignition switch with her Swiss Army knife. Pepper, now bundled in an orange down jacket, holds a flashlight for her to see what she's doing.

PEPPER
What do you think he's gonna do to Morgan?

ERIN
I don't want to--

Erin's knife blade SNAPS under the strain.

ERIN (CONT'D) *
SHIT!

She opens another blade and tries again. SNAP! Pepper starts to cry, which causes the flashlight to shake.

ERIN (CONT'D)
(firmly)
Pepper, I need you to hold the light steady. Can you do that?

Pepper gets control of herself, and holds the light steady.

115 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - **NIGHT**

Driving toward the Hewitt barn, which is visible in the headlights, Sheriff Hoyt talks on the police radio.

SHERIFF HOYT
(into radio)
I don't care if you're tired. Get your butt in gear and get over to the Crawford mill. Those two fillies are good to go.

116 EXT. HEWITT BARN -NIGHT

Sheriff Hoyt gets out of the car, and opens the rear door for Morgan.

SHERIFF HOYT
Get out.

Morgan does so, nervously. His hands remain cuffed in front of him. He struggles to speak with is swollen, painful mouth. **Sheriff Hoyt SHINES a FLASHLIGHT ON Morgan, blinding him and flaring the lens.**

MORGAN
Where...are we?

SHERIFF HOYT
Shut up, faggot.

Hoyt shoves Morgan to the ground. Morgan rolls onto his back

MORGAN'S POV

Sheriff Hoyt looks down at him.

SHERIFF HOYT
You and your friends should have left that girl alone...

He raises his boot, then swiftly brings it STOMPING DOWN directly toward camera. Everything goes BLACK.

117 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA of someone moving toward the van. We do NOT know who. Erin and Pepper's SILHOUETTES are visible inside the van.

Anonymous Film

118 INT. VAN

Still holding the flashlight, Pepper looks on as Erin now uses the CAN OPENER BLADE to pry at the ignition switch. She finally gets it to POP OFF!

ERIN
(relieved)
Finally.

She pulls the TWEEZERS from the Army Knife and probes into the steering column for the ignition wires.

PEPPER
Where'd you learn how to do that?

ERIN
In juvy, they called my youth misspent.

She fishes out five wires, and starts to strip the ends off with her teeth.

PEPPER
(surprised)
You were in juvenile hall?

ERIN
Yup.

She touches various combinations of two different wires together. *

ERIN
(to the wires)
Come on, you little bitches...
It's...time...to....YES!

On the third try, the engine ROARS TO LIFE! Erin twists the wires together, and puts the van in gear.

Pepper hugs Erin from behind as she starts to drive. The van* only moves about 10 feet when THE BACK END DROPS HORRIBLY. The van STOPS.

ERIN
WHAT THE FUCK?!

She grabs the flashlight and gets out.

119 EXT. VAN - NIGHT 1

Pepper leans out her window as Erin points the flashlight at the problem. THE FRONT RIGHT TIRE has come off!

Andrew Form

ERIN
Come on...

The wheel is a monstro 20-inch BF Goodrich drag racing slick. Only it doesn't look so invincible laying in the dirt. Neither does the van.

ERIN
Somebody stole the goddam lug nuts!

She uses the flashlight to search the area for the lug nuts. There's no sign of them. But she does find an empty pint of WILD TURKEY.

PEPPER
(terrified)
What are we gonna do?

120 INT. VAN

Having moved the sofa forward, Erin lifts the wheel well cover, exposing the SPARE TIRE with FIVE LUG NUTS and JACK. But there is no tire iron.

ERIN
Shit. Andy took the tire iron.

CUT TO:

A120 CLOSE ON FINGERS

Ripped. Bleeding. Straining to unscrew the lugnuts.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SUBJECTIVE POV

Someone is watching them from the woods.

121 EXT. VAN - NIGHT

ERIN
(urgently)
Get in the car!

She points to the spare and front tire.

PEPPER
(looking at the loose wheel)
But--

ERIN
--DO IT!

Archive Form

They jump in the van.

122 INT. VAN 1

Erin crosses the two wires to start the engine, then pulls the van forward slowly. It continues forward, wobbly...

123 EXT. VAN - NIGHT 1

...Any of the wheels could come off without notice. But the van keeps going as the CHAINSAW ROARS somewhere BEHIND THEM.

124 INT. VAN 1

Erin checks the REARVIEW as the van JOLTS FORWARD.

THE LOPSIDED VAN

DIPS and SWAYS on THREE WOBBLY WHEELS. A half-beat and then another falls off.

PEPPER

PEPPER (O.S.)
DON'T STOP!

ERIN (O.S.)
I'M NOT!!!

Grabs onto the dash, to keep herself from falling out of her seat.

125 EXT. VAN - NIGHT 1

With ONE REAR WHEEL LEFT, the van grinds to a stop. Digging its nose into the earth.

126 INT. VAN :

Erin leans forward, clutching the wheel tight. Tense. Dishevelled.

ERIN
FUCK IT!

She steps on the gas. Nothing but axles grinding earth.

THE BACK WINDOWS BLOW OUT AS THE CHAINSAW CRASHES THROUGH!!!

Pepper SCREAMS. Erin FLOORS IT. Again, nothing.

GIRLS' POV

Leatherface lopes after them through the DUST and SPARKS.

Archive Form

127 INT. VAN

Pepper turns to Erin. They're cooked and they know it.

PEPPER
WHAT DO WE DO???!!!

Erin pulls her to the middle of the van as the ROARING CHAINSAW NOISE BEARS DOWN ON THEM LIKE A TRAIN! It suddenly CRASHES through the driver's side window and GNAWS right through the door!

ERIN AND PEPPER

Are too scared to scream as they are showered with GLASS and SPARKS.

PEPPER
(hyperventilating)
E...Er...Erin...!

WE HEAR the chainsaw menacingly circle the van. THE BLADE then SPLITS THE WALL behind them! They cower against the opposite wall.

THE CHAINSAW

Makes jagged, zigzagging lacerations through the velvet paneling.

A CRAZED EYEBALL

Peers in through the smoky wreckage, then disappears.

ERIN AND PEPPER

Cling to each other for dear life as

THE SAW BLADE

Perforates the sliding side door BEHIND THEM. The razor-sharp blade NIPS Pepper's shoulder through her down jacket. FEATHERS POOF from the torn material.

PEPPER has seen enough. She scrambles to the front and jumps out of the van.

ERIN
PEPPER!!!

Preview Form

ERIN'S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Pepper is chased down IN THE HEADLIGHTS by Leatherface. She must have fallen because we can't see her. Just Leatherface. Hacking away. There is an explosion of down feathers.

ERIN (O.S.)
NOOO!!!

Leatherface suddenly spins toward camera. A monster caught in the headlights.

HE'S WEARING KEMPER'S FACE!

The features are distorted. But there's no doubt about that face. Or the goatee.

CLOSE ON ERIN

Erin's expression changes. She reaches out to Leatherface, thinking it's Kemper for a split-second. A tender moment.

CLOSE ON ERIN

ERIN
OH MY GOD!!!!!!

Her face now taut with horror.

LEATHERFACE

leers at her through the BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS.

128 **EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS** *1

ERIN *

Jumps out the side. *

She lands hard on the dirt. She scrambles away into the grove. *

129 EXT. **WOODS** - NIGHT *

Erin CLAWS her way through the dense tangle of dead tree limbs and thick undergrowth. The CHAINSAW ROARS after her. *

SERIES OF ANGLES

Erin fights her way through the tangled grove. She's LASHED by the gnarled tree limbs and thorny bramble. *

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Erin gropes and climbs her way out of the wicked grove. As she stumbles forth like the haunted survivor of a plane wreck, she realizes that she now stands at the edge of...

A129 **A TRAILER PARK** A1

A lonely rusty trailer has its LIGHTS ON. Erin rushes to it.

130 EXT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT 1

Christmas lights and dried up wreaths are strung along the facade. SCARED OUT OF HER MIND, Erin runs up to the door. Breathless. She bangs on it then collapses to her knees.

SHOCK: From out of frame TWO BIG ARMS yank her up.

131 EXT/INT. TRAILER HOME 1

In the open door stands HENRIETTA, late 30s, a frumpy large sized Mother Hen type. Erin pushes her away and rushes in. The stunned Henrietta silently follows her inside. The tiny trailer makes her appear that much bigger. Erin's freaking out, screaming, bouncing off the walls.

HENRIETTA
Why don't you have a seat.

Panicky, Erin runs from window to window. Henrietta offers Erin an armchair. Erin looks back and realizes the door is still open. She SLAMS the door, LOCKS IT, then takes the armchair and pushes it against it, blocking it shut.

ERIN
(peers through windows)
...please...help me...

Suddenly, a PIERCING WHISTLING SOUND is heard. Erin freaks.

ERIN (CONT'D) *
Turn that thing off! He'll hear us!

Henrietta goes off into the kitchenette. The whistling quickly dies down. Erin is pacing like mad, nervously glancing around.

HENRIETTA
Nothin' that a good ol' cup'a tea won't be able to settle...

She plops her massive body down into the armchair that's in front of the door. She offers Erin the teacup. Erin doesn't even register it.

HENRIETTA
So there, nobody is coming through here now.

ERIN
(looking around)
I need your phone!

HENRIETTA
Don't have one. Nothing but hassle is what they are...

ERIN
Don't you get it?! He'll kill us! He'll kill both of us.

HENRIETTA
No, he won't. He knows better than to mess 'round here. Believe me.

Erin is stunned by this.

ERIN
What? You know him?

HENRIETTA
Everyone around here knows that poor sweet boy...

ERIN
(astonished)
Poor sweet...WHAT?!

HENRIETTA
(smiling dismissively)
Oh. He just looks...well...

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)
(thinks for the right word)
..."Different"...after everything that happened...

Erin slumps down in front of Henrietta. Making herself small, eyes darting towards the windows.

Archive Form

HENRIETTA
(almost to herself)
There's no harm, he always keeps to himself... Skin cancer. A real shame. He was so young when it started up...poor thing... Didn't you look at his face?

ERIN
I couldn't...

Puts her hand to Erin's forehead. Then looks down to the teacup she's been holding all along.

HENRIETTA
(re: teacup)
Just right.

Henrietta GENTLY FORCES Erin to sip. Erin is shaking so bad she can hardly hold the cup without spilling it.

HENRIETTA
Drink up b'fore it gets cold. Come now, you must be awful thirsty. I promise, it'll make you feel better.

Erin is, in fact, quite thirsty, as she squirms and crawls i the trailer. Content that Erin had her tea, Henrietta rises

ERIN
You have no idea...

HENRIETTA
Now honey, I know that you've had quite a shock. Hush now.

An INFANT CRIES from the next room.

HENRIETTA
Now see what you've done!

She walks to the refrigerator in the other section of her trailer.

HENRIETTA
My oh my...

Opening the door, she reveals a refrigerator filled mostly with rotting leftovers, and CANS OF BAKED BEANS. She remov the can, and closes the door.

Archive Form

She opens the tin with a can opener and sticks a dirty spoon * in.

HENRIETTA
(turns to Erin)
Drink up. It'll help you relax.
I'll be right back...

Erin is stunned as Henrietta goes into the other room. She looks at her tea. Feels her brow. Is she woozy? Is there something in her tea? Has she been drugged?

She makes her way over to the sink and pours out the rest of her cup as she scans the room. She sees some CRUDELY FRAMED PHOTOS ON THE KITCHEN TABLE: Young Henrietta posing with a LITTLE BOY in front of a Christmas tree; another photo reveals the little boy a few years older, sitting on a ROCKING HORSE, sporting PURPLE BLOTCHES ON HIS FACE; the third photo is of Henrietta hugging the little boy as a TEENAGER with a GROTESQUE DISFIGURED FACE.

Erin stands up too quickly - the head rush just makes her feel even more DISORIENTED. She holds her head and is startled by a PHONE RINGING O.S. Erin SPINS TOWARD CAMERA.

Erin heads towards the sound of the phone. As she nears WE HEAR Henrietta answer the phone, MURMURING in the other room.

132 INT. TRAILER HOME - BEDROOM 13

SHAKY ON HER FEET, Erin makes her way through the doorway. She's chalk white. Henrietta sits on the bed with the INFANT, smoking a cigarette as she talks on the phone. She feeds the baby cold baked beans directly from the can.

HENRIETTA
(into phone)
I better go now...

She hangs up and pleasantly smiles at Erin.

HENRIETTA
You okay? You don't look so good.

ERIN
I thought...you said you ..
didn't...have one?

She motions to the phone. Henrietta snubs out her cigarette in an overflowing ashtray on the bed.

ERIN
What the hell's...going on?

ARCHIVE COPY

HENRIETTA
(to Erin)
C'mere and lie down before you faint dead away...

Erin is now having trouble standing upright. Swooning, she steadies herself against the door frame.

ERIN'S POV

No mother would treat her child like this. ...Suddenly, it hits her. The baby is very much like the child in the Polaroid they found in the car wreck - the same RABBIT PAJAMAS.

133 INT. TRAILER HOME - BEDROOM

ERIN
That is not your child!

Henrietta POSSESSIVELY CLUTCHES at the Infant. SQUEEZING IT TO HER CHEST, WAY TOO HARD.

HENRIETTA
She's mine!!!

ERIN
YOU STOLE HER!

Barely able to stand, she staggers out the door.

134 INT. TRAILER HOME

Erin stumbles backwards through the shabby room cluttered with laundry. Everything is SLIGHTLY ASKEW. She stumbles helplessly to the floor. The drugs have taken hold.

ERIN
(weakly)
I don't... I don't...

ERIN

Collapses.

ERIN'S POV

Holding the baby, Henrietta looks down at her sweetly.

HENRIETTA
Everything's going to be fine real soon. I promise.

Archive Form

Everything is SPINNING. Bizarre. Hallucinogenic. Looking out the window, as the trees and stars seem to pass by. Does she have vertigo? A bad trip?

A134 EXT. TRAILER HOME A13

In fact, the TRAILER is MOVING! It's been hitched to a truck, and travelling along the unpaved moonlit trail. *

Erin closes her eyes. Everything goes BLACK. A beat later

FADE TO:

135 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE *13

ERIN'S POV

Opening her eyes onto a blaring ceiling light as BOOZE SPLASHES over her face. A ceiling fan spins overhead. Water* stains all over the ceiling.

ERIN

Blinking awake, moving her head away from the downpour.

ERIN'S POV

A blurry image of Jedidiah popping his head in, looking down at her like she's some injured animal.

JEDIDIAH
She's alive, grandma! She's alive!

The Sheriff leans over her, and pours some more booze on her.

LUDA MAY (O.S.)
Give her some room.

The Sheriff gives her a once over, then moves out of frame.

Erin is disoriented.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL Luda May, the old woman from the general store, who sits across from her.

In another room, way in the b.g. Old Monty scratches his nuts as he watches some late night reruns.

A135 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM A1

Erin wipes her face and clears her nose.

Angel Film

135 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE 135 *

ERIN'S POV

Opening her eyes onto a blaring ceiling light as BOOZE SPLASHES over her face. A ceiling fan spins overhead. Water stains all over the ceiling.

ERIN

Blinking awake, moving her head away from the downpour. A DISORIENTING BANGING is heard O.S.

ERIN'S POV

A blurry image of the Sheriff leaning over her, pouring some more booze on her.

LUDA MAY (O.S.)
Give her some room.

The Sheriff gives her a once over, then moves out of frame.

Erin is disoriented. The banging grows louder.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL Luda May, the old woman from the general store, who sits across from her.

The banging pauses.

JEDIDIAH (O.S.)
(distant)
Open the door, grandma...

Luda May looks at the front door, irked.

In another room, way in the b.g. Old Monty scratches his nuts as he watches some late night reruns.

The banging starts up again -- Luda May loses it.

LUDA MAY
(calling out to Jedidiah)
You best stay out with 'em dogs till you learn to play by the rules.

B135 EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - NIGHT B135

Jedidiah desperately bangs on the front door.

JEDIDIAH
Is she alive, grandma?! Is she alive?!

A135 INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM A135

Erin wipes her face and clears her nose.

ERIN
Please let me go. I'm pregnant.

LUDA MAY
I know you and your kind... You never had nothing but cruelty and ridicule for our son, and even here you don't leave him alone.
(furiously pounding her sternum)
Does anybody around here care about me and my son? Huh?

JEDIDIAH (O.S.)
Please, grandma. She's got a baby inside her.

LUDA MAY
(mocking Jedidiah)
She's got a baby inside her.
(to Jedidiah)
Shut up you! You dragged them in here in the first place!!!

SHERIFF HOYT
Yeah, they got no business here...

Erin looks out the window -- she makes eye contact with

C135 EXT. JEDIDIAH C135

Jedidiah is now standing by the window, looking directly at Erin. His hot hands are pressed against the pane. His eyes well up with tears.

JEDIDIAH
(mumbling to himself)
What if it's a boy. I could have me a brother... *

INT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE

Erin looks at Jedidiah through the window, pleadingly.

ERIN
(to Jedidiah)
Stop them! Do something to stop them!

Luda May realizes that Erin is speaking to Jedidiah. She shoots Jedidiah an evil look.

LUDA MAY
(to Jedidiah)
You just forget 'bout that right quick. *

Through the window we see Jedidiah start to BAWL. *

EXT. HEWITT FARMHOUSE

Jedidiah rushes down the porch. Jumping off into the night. *

Energetically Luda May pushes Leatherface in front of Erin.

LUDA MAY
Get her out of my sight.

Leatherface grabs Erin roughly.

ERIN
NO!!!

She fights him with everything she's got as he drags her...

136 INT. HALLWAY (HEWITT HOUSE) *13

...**Leatherface** pulls her toward the OMINOUS METAL SLIDING METAL DOOR, which is HALF OPEN.

137 INT. BASEMENT *13

FROM BELOW, we watch as **Leatherface** THROWS ERIN DOWN THE STAIRS. It's a tumbling, bone-jarring fall.

HER HEAD

Hits the wall, leaving a CLOT OF HAIR. *

138 INT. BASEMENT *1:

Lands hard on the blood-stained concrete floor. If she lives long enough, she's going to have some truly wicked bruises.

Above her, WE HEAR the SLIDING METAL DOOR slam shut with a CRASH that makes the entire house shudder.

Erin looks around her in a daze. She can hardly believe her eyes. IT'S A HORRIFYING BUTCHER SHOP.

First, she sees the SOILED BUTCHER BLOCK. There's a sewing kit there. The block is strewn with SEWING NEEDLES and FISHING LINE.

Most of the blood has been removed by the BLOCK SCRAPERS and BRUSHES there. Then she sees the BLOOD BUCKETS. And MEAT HOOKS. She sees all of the HORRID INSTRUMENTS of the butcher's trade. An AIR KNIFE. *

She then comes upon a RUMBLING FIRE burning in a LARGE IRON FURNACE. A CAULDRON hangs within, catching the dripping fat from the ODD MEATS that hang above.

Behind her, she hears some DISSONANT CHORDS, as if a child is trying to play piano. She spins around.

Archive Form

ERIN'S POV - IT'S ANDY!

Andy's body droops from the meat hook above a **BUSTED UP PIANO**. His leg stump has been expertly wrapped with brown butcher paper and twine. His good foot twitches, above the broken piano keys.

ERIN
Oh my god.

ANDY'S EYES SUDDENLY OPEN. He's been on that hook for hours, but he's still alive!

ERIN
Andy...

Erin approaches Andy. He tries to speak, but nothing comes out. He stares down with vapid, filmy eyes.

She tries to lift him off. No chance. The hook is buried deep inside him. If she could just reach it.

She grabs a bar stool by the work bench. Sets it beneath Andy. He puts his remaining foot on it, taking an enormous load of pressure off of him.

Erin steps on the stool's footrest and tries to pull that rusty iron hook out of Andy's back. WE HEAR BONES CRACKING. Andy GROANS. Erin STOPS. The hook won't come out. She's hurting him more than helping him. She steps off the footrest.

ERIN
I'm... sorry...

Again, he tries to speak. Something INAUDIBLE comes out.

ERIN
What, I couldn't--

ANDY
(very faint)
Do it...

She heard him that time. There's only one thing he can mean Tears well up in her eyes as she contemplates the action. Mustering up her courage, she turns to look around the room. Then picks up a LONG BUTCHER'S KNIFE, and stands directly in front of Andy. She takes a deep breath as she grips the knif with both hands which are trembling. She raises the blade above her head.

ERIN
I can't.

Archive Form

She lowers the blade as she starts to cry. *

ANDY *
Erin, please. *

The Desperation in his voice is unmistakable. Gritting her * teeth she fights back her tears. Erin knows she can't leave * him like this. She approaches. *

ERIN'S POV - ANDY *

SHE TURNS AWAY, sobbing, as she grips the knife with both * hands, which are trembling. She moved towards him, almost * like she's falling into him, sinking the blade into his * chest. We hear the blade penetrate his sternum. *

A half-beat and then she hears the sound of someone MOANING in the shadowy corner.

A138 INT. FURNACE ROOM A1

Holding the knife for protection, Erin moves around the corner. Her eyes adjust to the darkness and she sees a SILHOUETTE hunched over in a BLOOD-STAINED BATHTUB halfway sunken in the rotting floor.

Erin approaches him cautiously. His back has holes torn in it - the distinctive markings of meat hooks. MURKY BLOODSTAINED WATER and ICE CUBES fill the tub, keeping the body fresh.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BODY

The tension is unbearable - who is it? Drifting in the ice-filled water. Pink with blood. She opens the GRATE COVER on the furnace to provide MORE LIGHT. Erin raises the head to see his face - **it is LEATHERFACE'S OLD MASK, the one he was wearing when we first saw him, PINNED ONTO THE BODY'S HEAD!**

ERIN
Oh God--

THE BODY JOLTS! As if from electric shock treatment. BULGING EYES stare up at her. THE MASK FALLS OFF--

IT'S MORGAN! His mouth is swollen and disfigured. Toothless. The jaw is broken. He HOWLS as he THRASHES ABOUT IN THE ICE!

ERIN (cont'd)
Oh my god...

Archive Form

Suddenly conscious, Morgan tries to pull himself from the tub. He can't. He reaches out like a helpless child.

HOLE IN FURNACE ROOM CEILING

We see through the hole Leatherface is looking down at Erin all along. Observing.

B138 INT. FURNACE ROOM B

Morgan comes to his senses.

Erin looks for a place to hide. She can't find one. **They scramble to find an exit out of that hell-hole. No luck and then**

JEDIDIAH (O.S.)
Over here...

Erin looks around. She cannot find the source of the voice. WE HEAR THE CHAINSAW REVERBERATE inside the narrow stairway.

JEDIDIAH (O.S.)
Hurry.

The strange little boy pokes his head out from behind the furnace. Behind him, we see a TUNNEL.

WE HEAR the METAL DOOR sliding OPEN above them. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS CLOMP DOWN the stairs.

Erin and Morgan race behind the furnace and...

139 INT. TUNNEL

Erin and Morgan follow Jedidiah through the dimly-lit, crude passage made of bricks and cinderblock.

REVERSE ANGLE

As they PASS CAMERA, we see LEATHERFACE in the B.G. He's racing across the room toward the tunnel.

140 INT. STORM CELLAR

Jedidiah leads Erin and Morgan out of the tunnel into an underground tornado shelter. Twelve square feet of concrete. MOONLIGHT filters in through the seams of a WOODEN HATCH above them.

Jedidiah leads them up a set of RICKETY, WOODEN STEPS. Several BREAK UNDERFOOT, slowing their escape as the DEAFENING CHAINSAW APPROACHES.

ANTOINE FORT

141 EXT./INT. STORM CELLAR - NIGHT 1

The hatch in the ground POPS OPEN. Morgan crawls out with Erin's assistance. Erin tries to usher Jedidiah out but he refuses.

FROM BELOW

Erin watches Morgan from the steps as LEATHERFACE ENTERS THE CELLAR, closing in on her and Jedidiah. Fearlessly, the little boy runs to PUSH Leatherface away. But Leatherface just slams him into a shelf of old mason jars. CRASH! Erin reaches up to pull herself out...

FROM ABOVE

...as Morgan reaches down to her, trying to pull her up as fast as he can despite the agonizing pain from the hook wounds in his back. When a BURLY HAND CLUTCHES ERIN'S ANKLE! And PULLS.

ERIN
NOOO!!!

She's being dragged below. *

Morgan grabs her hand and it's a tug-of-war. Just as they're about to lose, Jedidiah pops out and SINKS HIS TEETH INTO THE BURLY HAND LIKE A PITBULL THAT WON'T LET GO.

It works. We hear a pitiful SCREAM below.

Erin scrambles away. Then she and Morgan look down. A half-beat of silence. Suddenly, Jedidiah EMERGES, SMILING, arms outstretched as they grab each hand and PULL. But Hewitt's burly hand comes out again, yanking Jedidiah to the side and out of his path.

Erin and Morgan turn to each other - there is nothing they can do. Just as Leatherface mounts the first step past Jedidiah they start running.

142 EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Erin catches up with Morgan as they kick up dust. The landscape is FLOODED WITH MOONLIGHT.

Erin and Morgan pass the CAR CEMETERY near the tangled grove. By the burned out station wagon and other automobiles is their VAN! TOPPLED OVER. GASHES IN THE ROOF. REAR TIRES GONE.

Leatherface's galoshes pound across the weedy terrain. MUSKRATS and OTHER CRITTERS run for cover as the thunderous chainsaw rolls across the plains.

The land is vast and barren. There is nowhere to hide.

143 EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

They continue running. Until A HOUSE becomes visible in the distance. They veer toward it.

A143 EXT. PRAIRIE HOUSE - NIGHT A

Erin and Morgan approach breathlessly. There is no sign or sound of Leatherface behind them.

They stagger to the door and KNOCK. They pry it open.

144 INT. PRAIRIE HOUSE

Moonlight floods in through the naked windows as Erin and Morgan enter. Even the rats have deserted this shit hole. But not before eating much of the furniture.

The further they venture inside, the DARKER it becomes.

The distant chainsaw grows louder. They hide in the black corner, hoping Leatherface will pass them by. And then the chainsaw inexplicably POWERS DOWN.

A nervous beat. Erin cautiously raises herself to a boarded up window and sees LEATHERFACE through the cracks about to enter the house.

Erin and Morgan quickly retreat into the bedroom, SLAMMING the door. They quickly drag a ragged couch in front of it just as the CHAINSAW STARTS UP. GRRRR!!!

The SAW BLADE CARVES through the upper part of the door. A diagonal slice. Then another. X marks the spot. Which is BUSTED OUT with the blade. Now it's a hole. THE HORRID MASK peers through it.

Erin and Morgan try the window. It's nailed shut.

Leatherface's BLACK WILD EYES shift about, surveying the obstacle in front of him.

The SAW BLADE CARVES HORIZONTALLY -- he's making a dutch door! It won't be long now...

Morgan punches the nailed window and smashes up his hand. There's no time to clear the planks and crawl.

Running through a maze of rooms and doors, they spot a closet and run towards it. Morgan gets in but Erin can't fit. He tries to make room for her -- no room. She looks across the room and spots a HOLE in a HOLLOW WALL. She crawls in as he gently closes the closet door.

A half-beat and Leatherface enters. He shuts down the power tool.

LEATHERFACE'S POV

He looks left. Then right. The room is empty.

ERIN'S POV

Through the brittle cracked wall she sees SWARTHY SHAPES AND SILHOUETTES.

ERIN

A couple of rats start crawling on her. She brushes one off and it squeals, instantly giving her position away.

Suddenly, the CHAINSAW COMES TO LIFE. Immediately, PUNCTURING the thin wall right AT CAMERA.

HOLLOW WALL

Erin is on her knees, hands protectively over her head, trying to make the smallest possible target out of herself. Another DANGEROUSLY CLOSE PUNCTURE to the LEFT or her. A STAB by her right ear, missing by centimeters. Any second now, and he'll get her.

But just as fast as the chainsaw started up, it dies down again.

Erin looks around frantically. PITCH BLACK. NO SOUND. Where is the beast? What is he up to? She slowly stands up.

Suddenly, LEATHERFACE'S ARMS BUST THROUGH THE BACK SIDE OF THE ROTTING WALL. HE GRABS ERIN FROM BEHIND and with UNSTOPPABLE FORCE PULLS HER AND PART OF THE WALL OUT IN A SINGLE MOTION.

145 INT. BEDROOM

Leatherface reenters, ERIN SLUNG OVER HIS BACK. She POUNDS on his back. SCRATCHES AT HIS MASK.

Suddenly, LOUD RHYTHMIC SLAMMING is heard.

Leatherface turns around. Morgan, outside of the closet, REPEATEDLY OPENS and SHUTS the closet door.

Not for Distribution

He tries to say something, but his words only come out as primal grunts due to his broken jaw.

Morgan veers CLOSER TO LEATHERFACE, taunting him.

She realizes he's trying to distract Leatherface and save her. And succeeding.

ERIN
MORGAN, NO!!!

Morgan runs by Leatherface. Too CLOSE THIS TIME. Leatherface sticks his arm out and CLOTHESLINES Morgan.

Leatherface takes Erin off his back and PINS HER UNDER HIS BOOT. She's TRAPPED. He takes Morgan and HANGS him by his HANDCUFFS onto a CHANDELIER. His own weight makes the handcuffs cut deeper into his skin.

MORGAN

Flails as he hangs. And then the CHAINSAW COMES BACK ON, DROWNING OUT ALL SOUND. Morgan's EYES BULGE.

MORGAN'S POV

The beast wearing Kemper's face is even more grotesque. The EYES staring out through the mask are black as night. Soulless.

LEATHERFACE

Steadies the chainsaw as Erin squirms under him, pinned by his heavy galosh covered boot. Lowering the blade under Morgan, she looks straight up as:

FROM BEHIND LEATHERFACE

ONLY BLUE ELECTRIC SPARKS ILLUMINATE THE ROOM in SPURTS, giving it an abstracted depiction of the gruesome events.

Leatherface raises the chainsaw up between Morgan's legs. About to CUT through Morgan from BELOW, LENGTHWISE. Erin SCREAMS.

LEATHERFACE'S SHOP APRON AND ERIN UNDERNEATH IT

Are SPRAYED WITH BLOOD as WE HEAR the WHINE of the chainsaw CARVING through FLESH AND BONE. She's too shocked to scream. As Leatherface uses all his might tc get the blade all the way through Morgan, Erin MANAGES to WAGGLE FREE. Everything is an obscured BLUR in the b.g.

146 OMIT

146 C

Final Draft

147 EXT. FARMLANDS - NIGHT 14

Erin keeps moving as fast as she can, passing the metal bones of forsaken farm equipment.

LEATHERFACE follows in the B.G., closing ground because of Erin's bad knee. That chainsaw SPUTTERS AND SMOKES like mad in the moonlight.

THE CHASE - SERIES OF ANGLES

ON LEATHERFACE

His heavy galoshes pound across the weedy terrain. Field mice run for cover as that THUNDEROUS CHAINSAW ROLLS across the plains.

ON ERIN

Gimping along this cruel, uncultivated land. Sucking in the air with rapid gasps. Her knee's a mess. **She's getting cut up by all the wild branches and vines.**

Thorny vine is tangled in her matted hair. She runs into a BRANCH - all goes black - she falls to the ground. But gets back on her feet just in time...

TELEPHOTO SHOT

Erin is overwhelmed with terror, races TOWARD CAMERA as LEATHERFACE FOLLOWS in the B.G. -- lumbering in elephantine fashion, waves of flesh rippling in his sweat-soaked clothing, the guttural saw smoking before him like the hot breath of a bull.

WIDE SHOT - THE PLAINS

A moonlit death match across a barren stage. Ansel Adams meets George Romero.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Low angle shot of a sagging RANGE WIRE FENCE in the f.g. Erin races forward and VAULTS the low barrier.

Erin runs away. A beat later, the wires shake violently as Leatherface gets caught up in it, falling into frame right onto his chainsaw! The blade GOUGES a CHUNK OF FLESH out of his thigh. The beast SCREAMS.

Final Form

ERIN

stops to lock. Leatherface lies there, trying to extricate himself from the tangle of range wire -- HOWLING in the night like a wounded monster.

148 EXT. THE PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

Erin runs TOWARD CAMERA **until she falls out of the shrubbery, landing in the MIDDLE OF A HIGHWAY.**

CAR HEADLIGHTS

Erin waves frantically as an approaching car comes to a screeching halt.

ERIN
STOP!

THE CAR

approaches fast. We can't see the make. Only the LIGHTS. Bearing down fast on

ERIN

Her bloodied, horror-stricken face awash with LIGHT.

ERIN (cont'd)
HELP!!!!!!! HELP ME!!!!!!!!!

ERIN

Squints in the approaching glare. Waving frantically.

ERIN
PLEASE STOP!

HIGHWAY

After slowing down initially, the car SWERVES around Erin a stops. Erin pounds on the window but the car just PEELS OF

All hope is drained from her.

ERIN
YOU ASSHOLES!

She notices something

Andrew Form

ERIN'S POV

Behind the car a LARGE BUILDING looms in the distance. A LIGHT is ON.

The CHAINSAW STARTS in the b.g.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ERIN

as she approaches the building. And STOPS short.

ERIN (cont'd)
Oh god.

It's the slaughterhouse.

THE CHAINSAW nears in the distance.

A148 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT A14

The same one she passed earlier in the van. Only now, in the hypnotic moonlight, it's become a thing of dread. The place looks haunted. WE HEAR the GHOSTLY SOUNDS OF A HANDFUL OF CATTLE nearby.

Erin races to the back of the building, searching for another entrance.

149 **EXT. LIVESTOCK RAMP - NIGHT** 14

Erin climbs over a fence. Runs up a ramp-way, moving into...

150 INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE (KNOCK BOX) 15

A narrow, claustrophobic passageway where cattle make their last walk in life. Fluorescent lights expose the blood and dung on the walls and floors. **Erin starts to slip and slide in a muddy pool.**

151 **EXT. LIVESTOCK RAMP** 15

Leatherface CUTS THROUGH the fence surrounding the small number of animals. The cattle begin to SCREAM, terrified by the SOUND OF THE CHAINSAW.

ANGLE ON CHAINSAW

As Leatherface moves through animals, holding the blade above his head, it looks like a SHARK'S FIN passing over the water's surface. He does NOT attack the cows. But his mere presence -- and that CHAINSAW -- is driving them mad.

Miramax Form

A151 **INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE (KNOCK BOX)**

The space is more like an iron box. Erin looks through a hole and spots a scary BOLT GUN. Panicked, she rolls out of a side hatch and into the

152 OMIT 152

153 **INT. COOLER**

Erin rises amongst the hanging hooks. RACKS of COW CARCASSES HANG. Weaving and bobbing through the carcasses.

LEATHERFACE

Sneaks through the maze of butterflied beef halves.

ERIN

Pushes her hair from her eyes. Terrified.

LEATHERFACE

PULLS a MASSIVE CHAIN that hangs from the ceiling.

ERIN

Hears the HIGH-PITCHED RATTLING SOUND. VROOM! She can't tell where it's coming from.

She looks up. The ENTIRE CEILING GRID seems to be ACTIVATED Gears and pulleys shake to life. What is he up to?

SHOCK! She gets SLAPPED FROM BEHIND. Turns around, relieved to see that it was just a bloody hanging carcass she BACKED INTO.

VROOM! Another carcass SLIDES DOWN A RAIL and SMASHES HER FROM BEHIND. She turns around again in utter horror. But is again relieved to see that it was another carcass undoubtedly triggered by Leatherface having pulled the chain. As a momentary release she shakes her head, thinking to herself: "How can I fall for that twice"?

A153 **INT. COOLER**

She puts her back to the gigantic butterflied carcass, letting it shield her, on the lookout for Leatherface.

Suddenly, the gigantic carcass behind her SPLITS IN HALF, revealing Leatherface, as he pulls his CHAINSAW CORD HARD. He SWINGS IT as it ROARS TO LIFE. Missing Erin's ducking head by less than an inch, IT LOPS OFF a CARCASS LEG.

SCREEN Form

ERIN

Falls on her back. The chainsaw ENTERS FRAME FAST. But she slides back, spreading her legs, as the SAW BLADE COMES DOWN ON AN IRON DRAIN. SPARKS FLY BETWEEN ERIN'S LEGS.

Erin doesn't miss a beat and KICKS THE MONSTER BETWEEN HIS LEGS.

LEATHERFACE

HOWLS in pain.

ERIN PUSHING OFF FROM HIS SOFT PARTS

BARREL ROLLS under the swinging carcasses.

LEATHERFACE

Gets up and, using psychological warfare, TURNS ON the SELF-CLEANING SPRINKLER SYSTEM. To wear Erin down. WATER SHOWERS DOWN. Erin is getting DRENCHED as she runs her ass off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Erin runs away as the carcasses sway back and forth, crisscrossing each other, obscuring, then revealing her. The f.g. carcasses sway directly in FRONT OF CAMERA, closing the view on the escaping Erin, and the scene.

154 INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE MAIN FLOOR

The EVIL SOUNDS are MUTED as Erin makes her way out of the darkened stairway onto the slaughterhouse main floor. Which is JUST AS DARK. The only source of light is the MOON, which is DIFFUSED through FILTHY WINDOWS near the 20 foot ceiling.

ERIN is surrounded by ANIMAL SOUNDS in every direction: Big and small pigs. They are disturbed by her presence as she frantically searches for a way out in a...

SERIES OF ANGLES

She enters a room with PIG CAGES. Where the hell is the exit? She makes her way down a hall and finds herself...

155 INT. LOCKER ROOM

This is where work clothes are stored. It's also where the KNIVES are kept. They GLISTEN in the moonlight streaming in through the dirty windows.

Actual Form

Erin goes absolutely still when the sound of the CHAINSAW in the distance STOPS. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS can be heard coming down the metal stairs from the roof.

LEATHERFACE

Arrives on the main floor. He scans the area around him. He seems to have no trouble seeing where he is going as he goes on the hunt for Erin.

156 INT. LOCKER ROOM - CLOSE ON ERIN

Hiding inside a locker. We only see her EYES. The ONLY LIGHT filters in through the VENT SLATS. WE HEAR the beast's FOOTSTEPS beginning to FADE as he moves in the wrong direction.

Erin starts SCREAMING at the top of her lungs. We realize there is only one possible explanation. She is trying to draw him to her.

157 INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Erin's SCREAMS REVERBERATE throughout the massive building. The animals grow increasingly agitated. Except for one.

LEATHERFACE

Turns around and starts heading toward...

158 INT. LOCKER ROOM

Erin's screams STOP as Leatherface enters. He moves through the rows of lockers.

CLOSE ON ERIN

Hiding inside one of them. Doing her best to control her breathing. She hears his HEAVY FOOTSTEPS NEAR.

LEATHERFACE

Stops suddenly, turning toward the RUSTLING inside one of the lockers ahead.

CLOSE ON ERIN

Her EYES WIDEN as the FOOTSTEPS CLOSE IN.

CLOSE ON LEATHERFACE

Listening. Trying to figure out which locker the sound is coming from.

Andrew Form

CLOSE ON ERIN

Trembling inside the tiny locker. Her TEETH begin to CHATTER. She quickly puts her hand over her mouth.

LEATHERFACE

Starts opening the lockers. One after another.

ERIN

Expression tells us the beast is within reach of her.

LEATHERFACE

Opens more lockers. When something BUMPS in the locker behind him. He spins around. Moving fast. Starting the CHAINSAW.

ERIN

Can barely stop herself from hyperventilating as

LEATHERFACE

Steps up to her locker...reaches to raise the latch on her door...and YANKS IT OPEN!! He is startled to find

A BABY SOW

Rooting through the clothing on the locker floor. Obviously, THIS ISN'T ERIN'S LOCKER!

ERIN'S POV

THROUGH THE SLATS in her locker door, she stares at Leatherface's massive, sweaty back. He stands at the locker DIRECTLY OPPOSITE HERS.

ERIN

Slowly, carefully opens her locker door with one hand, while clenching a MEAT CLEAVER in the other.

We now realize how the baby sow got in the locker. Erin put it there. The hunted is now the hunter.

SERIES OF ANGLES

Erin quietly approaches Leatherface FROM BEHIND. She raises the CLEAVER as she closes in.

Andrew Form

LEATHERFACE

Catches a glimpse of ERIN'S REFLECTION in a mirror inside the locker with the baby sow. He spins around as

THE CLEAVER

SLASHES down with every ounce of strength Erin has.

LEATHERFACE

Attempts to block the blade with his chainsaw, but not fast enough...

THE MEAT CLEAVER HACKS RIGHT THROUGH HIS FOREARM!!! LEATHERFACE LOOKS STUNNED. AND AGAIN!!!

The RIGHT ARM DROPS to the floor. Still CLENCHING the chainsaw, as they both SPIN OUT OF CONTROL on the floor.

ERIN

Stares at the appendage in disbelieving triumph. It worked! Her plan actually worked!!!

LEATHERFACE

Steps on his hacked off arm. Picks it up with his left hand As

ERIN

Raises the cleaver to do more damage,

LEATHERFACE

SHAKES the RIGHT ARM OFF the chainsaw by BANGING IT against row of lockers, and SWIPES at her with the ROARING POWERTOOL Erin just barely manages to back away in time. Even with only one good arm, he's still a savage beast.

ERIN

Decides to RUN FOR IT, cleaver still in hand. And does so a fast as she can.

LEATHERFACE

Starts to follow her. Then STOPS. And stumbles. The CHAINSAW DROPS and SPUTTERS on the floor. He sits with his back against the lockers. He clutches his bloody stump. Quivering.

Andrew Form

Suddenly, he's just a lonely, pathetic figure bleeding on a locker room floor.

159 INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE 1

Searching for an exit, Erin finds herself in the loading dock. The dock is sealed by a massive, roll-top door. Erin runs along the dock platform. There's got to be a way to raise the door.

She comes to a SWITCH BOX mounted on the wall. Two buttons. One red, one green. She pushes green. The door RISES like a metal curtain, revealing the FIRST SIGNS OF DAYLIGHT.

160 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE 1

The loading dock door continues to rise as Erin steps out into the **dark dawn and pouring rain.**

161 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 1

Erin staggers along the center of the road. Ravaged. Disoriented.

In fact, she reminds us of the Teenage Girl we met at the beginning of the story.

A BIG RIG approaches in the B.G. It dips beneath a grade and reappears -- larger and faster than before.

The HORN BLARES. Erin continues to walk TOWARD CAMERA. She doesn't respond to the deafening horn. She's in shock.

The truck SLOWS DOWN behind her. And STOPS. A trucker who likes to be called BIG RIG BOB, 40s, hops out.

BIG RIG BOB
Hey, there. You okay?

162 INT. BIG RIG - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 1

Erin sits in the passenger seat as Big Rig Bob drives.

BIG RIG BOB
You in a wreck?

ERIN
(distant)
Where are we going?

BIG RIG BOB
Gonna get you some help.

He turns back to the road.

Amazon Form

POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DAWN

The truck ZOOMS PAST a road sign: **Big Cow - BBQ**

163 OMIT 163 C

164 INT. BIG RIG - DAWN

Erin starts weeping hysterically. Big Rig Bob doesn't know what to make of it.

BIG RIG BOB
Honey, what's your name?

ERIN
I wanna go home.

BIG RIG BOB
Do you live around here?

She doesn't answer. Big Rig Bob looks concerned as he lights a cigarette.

ERIN
They're all dead.

This hits him like a ton of bricks.

BIG RIG BOB
Who?

As he starts to slow down, preparing to pull off the highway, Erin notices something ahead. She leans forward.

POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The general store comes into view.

ERIN

Starts to SCREAM.

ERIN
NOOO!!!

She fights Big Rig Bob for control of the truck.

ERIN (CONT'D)
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME GO!

BIG RIG BOB
Get the hell off me!

He throws her off, forcing her back into the passenger seat.

ERIN
TAKE ME HOME! I WON'T GO BACK!

BIG RIG BOB
I don't know what the hell your problem is, but it's more than I can handle.

He slows down further as she curls up and starts to cry.

HER POV

She looks at herself at the passenger rearview mirror.

ERIN

Realizes how much she looks like the Teenage Girl. She reaches out to the mirror and gently traces the contours of her reflected face, trying to find any traces of the innocence she possessed before all of this.

A164 INT. BIG RIG A16

Erin fights Big Rig Bob again.

165 EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAWN 16

The sheriff's car is parked out front.

The big rig overshoots the dirt lot as Big Rib Bob struggles with Erin.

ERIN
(going nuts)
NO!!! Please don't stop! NOT HERE! Keep going! Please!

166 INT. BIG RIG - NIGHT 16

All weirded out by her, Big Rig Bob pulls the brakes and starts climbing out. He's halfway out when he looks back and shakes his head dismissively. He takes the keys from the ignition and jumps out. He splashes toward the General Store in the b.g. as

ERIN

jumps out and searches for a place to hide.

Archive Film

ERIN'S POV AS SHE'S RUNNING - VARIOUS GLIMPSES

Her sketchy, shaky POV as she runs: Big Rig Bob enters the store. The Sheriff, Luda May and Henrietta look up at him.

THROUGH THE GENERAL STORE WINDOWS

The Sheriff, Luda May and Henrietta stand by the door, looking out, as Big Rig Bob gives his report. This whole sequence is played in SILENCE, like it's observed from quite a distance.

They all walk towards the porch as Big Rig Bob motions back to his truck, clearly talking about Erin.

THEIR POV

The big rig is parked 20 meters ahead of the Sheriff's car. The heavy rain and darkness obscures the scene.

ERIN - SAME TIME

With extreme caution she makes her way along the side of the general store. Something catches her eye

ERIN'S POV

The BABY is in a bassinet on the counter.

ERIN

Her expression changes.

167 INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

The Sheriff looks outside, adjusts his belt, pushes open the screen door, and braves the elements. He's heading towards the truck.

VARIOUS ANGLES - SHOES OVER MUD AND PUDDLES

SHERIFF'S BOOTS SLOSH ALONG

BIG RIG BOB DRAGGING HIS SHOES

ERIN'S BUSTED UP BOOTS SCURRYING FAST

168 EXT. BIG RIG - NIGHT

The Sheriff puts his hand on his gun. He is about to open the door. A tense half-beat.

Nicole Erin

169 INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT 16

Henrietta reflexively looks over at the baby. She looks STUNNED.

HENRIETTA'S POV

The highchair is EMPTY! The Baby is GONE!

HENRIETTA (O.S.)
Sweat Baby Jesus, the child is gone!

A169 **MACRO CU - IGNITION SWITCH** A1

as it's POPPED OFF by the familiar SWISS ARMY KNIFE.

CU ERIN'S EYES

intensely focused on the task at hand.

170 EXT. BIG RIG - OVERHEAD BIG RIG POV - NIGHT 1

The CAMERA LOOKS RIGHT DOWN AT THE SHERIFF FROM THE CABIN. As he walks around the truck. Passing directly in front of the truck, the sheriff is at his most vulnerable.

A170 **MACRO CU - IGNITION WIRES** A1

Erin's fingers work frantically, trying to strip the stubborn SHEATH. She cuts her thumb open.

171 EXT. BIG RIG - OVERHEAD BIG RIG POV - NIGHT 1

Sheriff smiles nefarious as he approaches the big rig door. CONNECT THE WIRES ERIN! He knows he's got her! With his gun poised he pulls the door handle open. HE IS STUNNED!

AN EMPTY CABIN

Where's Erin?

SHERIFF

WHAM!!! The Sheriff's own car HITS HIM DEAD ON. HE SMASHES AGAINST THE WINDSHIELD. CRACK! The big rig DOOR FLIES!

POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The Sheriff BOUNCES OFF THE GLASS, FLYING OVER THE CAR. A BIG BLOOD SPLATTER on the windshield.

172 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT

Erin sits behind the wheel. We've been tricked! She's pulling the car around with a 1,0000 yard stare on her face.

THROUGH THE BLOODY WINDSHIELD, Erin spies

THE WOUNDED SHERIFF

On the ground, grabbing his fallen gun. He levels it upward aiming clear at Erin...

ERIN
(seeing it)
Fuck you.

She slams her foot on the gas -- the Sheriff's eyes go wide - BAM! The whole car bounces up and down as she runs him over.

173 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT

Erin drives away forcefully. A beat. And then with an emotionless face TURNS ON the WIPERS.

Through the rear window, we see distant figures - Luda May and Henrietta with their arms wildly flailing.

174 EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

The car pulls away fast. The rain is now TORRENTIAL.

POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The wipers smear and clear the blood from the glass. Distant THUNDER and faint LIGHTNING BOLTS cut across the sky. Cleansing rain patters against the windshield. The wipers swipe across and we see the road and the vast horizon up ahead.

Then WE HEAR a CRY. Erin looks beside her at

THE INFANT!

Rescued amid the rain, the chaos, the confusion...still in the bassinet.

CLOSE ON ERIN

Rain-soaked. Determined.

Archive Form

175 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN 1'

The car pulls away down the wet desolate road. It looks almost peaceful.

DISSOLVE TO:

176 **INT. ASYLUM - PRESENT DAY** 1'

The Interviewer has a stunned expression from listening to Erin's story.

ERIN
They killed the wrong man. They had a dead man, and that was all they cared about. So they closed the case.

INTERVIEWER
How do you know it was not him?

ERIN
The body in the autopsy photos had both arms.
(then)
He only had one...

The Interviewer's EYES GO WIDE -- he recently spoke with a one-armed man...with Leatherface... The Interviewer stands up in silent shock.

THE END *

Andrew Form